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Around Town.

The City of Toronto is not only cursed by contractors, but by contractors' agents. This will be admitted by all who have read the proceedings of the Investigation. The most important consideration, however, in reviewing the whole disturbance is the arrant hypocrisy of certain newspapers that demand the prosecution of those who have been found guilty of improper practices, while they themselves have been the recipients of large favors and have been evil-doers with an inconceivably large influence, dominating even contractors and schemers. A newspaper that lends itself to a company or a corporation and gives up its editorial space as freely as its advertising columns to the man who can give a cheque, is a much greater sinner than the man who merely sells his vote. The newspaper that sins against public decency and conspires against public safety and lends its influence to the robbery of the public chest, is the one that makes it possible for the smaller sinner to exist, and some of the newspapers that are clamoring loudest for the prosecution of the sinners who have been found out are not without blame on their own behalf.

Of course it is improper for the Street Railway Company to tempt aldermen from the path of duty, yet what corporation that existed anywhere, from the time of the Scribes and Pharisees, has failed to give favors to its friends and to refuse contracts to its enemies, providing the conditions were profitable? It is useless to argue about these things or to make a specific instance of any corporation, for it is the habit of every corporation; it is a part of the business procedure of almost every business man, and newspapers that make too free a use of these demagogic arguments it seems to me are in the same position as the "familiar" who, when his comrades were burning at the stake, was most anxious to demonstrate his disapproval of their policy and his hatred of them personally by gibing and jeering at the victim. Such a course is unmanly and brutal. It is only the place of those who are without sin, so the Great Master told us, to throw stones. Yet when those who understand the whole situation notice the people who are throwing stones just now, it is not only with an absolute and supreme disgust as regards the stone-thrower as the brute that they think him, but with a nausea that is indescribable for him as a hypocrite and an unmentionable thing.

"Honesty" has been written as a head-line since copy books were first instituted, as being "the best policy." Honesty is not a mere matter of money, but a matter of sentiment. It is a great responsibility to undertake to manipulate public opinion. Those who do it should have a proper understanding of the great task in which they engage. The circumstances which surround the occasion; the temptations which assail the accused; the expenses which are no mean item to the poor office-holder; the difficulties of satisfying the people, no matter whether a man be right or wrong; the strange influence of self-interest on an estimate of that which is best—all these things come in. No public man in Canada could survive the crude and isolated investigation of his most distinguished act. Republics—and we are practically a republic in our government—are notoriously ungrateful, inasmuch as we separate a man from his lifetime and crucify him on the cross of a single unfortunate act. That some men are perpetually and notoriously corrupt is a fact that is so well known, and the names and records of the men are so continuously before the people, that the selection of such persons to fill public offices is not the sin of the person but certainly becomes the sin of the populace. Having been elected as a man known to be latitudinarian in his views of public duties, why should a crucifixion be necessary? He naturally esteems his election as an endorsement of his methods. Some of the greatest heroes of politics have lived and died as advocates of such methods. Personally I am convinced that the people of Toronto desire and are likely to get no better government than they are getting. The conduct of those who have organized themselves to make protest convinced me that no business man of repute is prepared to sacrifice himself on the altar of civic duty. Everyone having accepted the condition of things as about the best they can have, each man following the bent of his strongest predilection, whether that be religious or social, in the selection of men to represent him and the people generally, we need no civic investigation to find out what the rate-payers desire; we have their declaration made time after time, that they would rather be robbed, with an occasional privilege to rob, than be honestly governed.

I think myself that it was a mistaken, and disturbing, and impolitic thing to have the aldermen of the city and those having contact with public affairs brought up and examined, and torn apart, and their vitals displayed to the public as a sacrifice on the altar of popular dishonesty. When the people themselves desire honest government they will get it. My own conviction is that they do not desire it. They are willing to have their neighbor robbed, but they are not anxious to be robbed personally. The civic machinery is such that they do not discover that in voting for Tom, Dick and Harry they are robbing themselves; they are only anxious about a little scheme of their own for a reduction of taxes or the obtaining of a contract. This being the case, it is unfair and improper to center the attack upon any corpora-

tion or person. The investigation seems to me to have demonstrated the fact that it was largely born of enmity between two great corporations that have been continuously contending. Their hatred of one another has led to an exposure of documents and of people, which is valuable only as it indicates the methods pursued by those who are impelled by no greater force than a desire to get as much as possible for themselves at the public expense, and be unnoticed while performing the act.

None of us know why we were put here, and

answer it in the negative; it seems unintelligible to me that a man who lives can believe he shall eternally die. It seems also unimportant how we live with respect to food, clothing and shelter when we consider so great a problem, yet these things seem to interest us instead of the great sacrifices and beatitudes of life, and virtue is too often forsaken for a fine garment or an excellent meal. It is perhaps because such is the line of thought into which writers as well as readers naturally drift at this season of the year, that if we take the Christmas numbers of the great

teller is to be believed. If life-long pain is to be the penalty of loving, then are we not being taught not to love? If, as the stories next in favor would indicate, not loving is a continual craving for that which we have been created to enjoy or endure, then we have but to choose between loving and regretting, or not loving and regretting. That these two classes express human experience it would be absurd to advocate, for the whole of life is made up of the charm of loving and being loved, of being kind and being the recipient of kindness, of being grateful and

We look at them as they pass in the streets and wonder at the contented faces and homely raiment. It seems to me that this should suggest that those of us who wonder most and ask puzzling questions are perhaps those who are disturbing life and making little of its grand contentments.

At any rate, whatever are the facts with regard to these things, it strikes me that the reading of magazine and Christmas number stories has become a dissipation. They as a rule do not tend towards breeding contentment in the restless soul, and the restless soul had better confine itself to surroundings which were intended to be its proper environment. As the new year comes to us, everyone who has passed many of these mile-stones observes that there is a growing sadness in retrospection. As I think of it I believe that it is not envy that saddens the heart of the lonely when they hear the bells ring out at the low noontide of the year and of night and life; it is sadness, the growing sadness of being unable to be very much different from what we are. The one lesson that seems to have been taught is in the very opposite direction of enviousness; it is rather in the direction of believing that life is a good deal of a task and that others bear burdens as well as ourselves. No doubt it comes with added bitterness to the one who feels that he or she has had a "might have been." Were we to be told the heart-stories of these afflicted ones some of them would probably make us laugh. The homely and ungracious woman imagining that she was once loved, no doubt cherishes the story of her past with all the circumstance and pomp that an unlovely life lends to a lively imagination. She believes it, yet as a faded old woman her tale of woe might be a great bore and burlesque. Those who have perhaps enjoyed a brief season of popularity or some of God's gifts as attractive people, have still more harrowing reminiscences of disappointment and defeat. We would be ungenerous if we did not grant them a patient hearing, or angelic if we did not have a sigh of relief when the reminiscences were over.

Yet one can understand how failures make one lose courage and seek sympathy, how disappointments make one lose hope, and betrayals of trust are sure to create unhappiness and lack of faith. To the gentler souls who have passed through the fire of disappointment and ingratitude into what should be the serene period of unhelpfulness, tears come more quickly than anger, and, alas! despair more readily than rage. These are rather unhappy thoughts for New Year, yet they are the thoughts that come to those who have passed the meridian of youth, and it is just as well for youth to know that when their eyes are made dim by the rapid procession of events, they too will look sadly at the mile-stones which fate will hurry them past.

It will be nearly a half a score of months yet before I pass that turning point of a man's life, forty, yet I have learned already that hopefulness is a poor poultice for the bruises of anybody but ambitious youth. It is a comforting old axiom that at forty a man is either a physician or a fool. With only a few months in which to make the turning point I am frightfully afraid that I shan't be a physician. Yet what there is of it, it is every individual's duty to make enjoyable. We may have been on earth before, we may be on earth again, and, delightful thought, we may some day be in a better place. Thank God I have no haunting fear that there is a worse. What we need to learn is that there is no permanent and effective strength that comes to anybody except those who have had to fight. Their battles may have been with themselves or they may have been with other people, but their victories or defeats are all they have to put in comparison with other lives by which they can judge whether their passage through the world has been a success or a failure. The strength for these battles, it seems to me, is obtainable more in early youth than later on. It is a part of the responsibility of parents to mould those little lives given into their care so that God and goodness will seem to them a reality, that virtue and vice will be always two sharply defined qualities, that happiness, not misery, will always seem to be apportioned as in the melodrama to the virtuous, the brave and the self-sacrificing.

With these somewhat morbid thinkings I bid adieu to 1894. I remember when I wrote in letters and in my copy-books a date that seems centuries ago. Thousands will remember with me how they have had difficulty in changing the year mark on their letters and memoranda. I believe I am only right in believing that the same thousands have had the same trouble trying to change the same things that seemed to them weak and unprofitable during all these years, and it is barely possible that the same thousands will remember how ineffectual their efforts have been in the past, and may join with me in the hope that as the heat of youth leaves our blood and the temptation of strength and mastery wanes, and as wisdom waxes a little stronger, we may have a little more success in being what we would like to be.

One of the most disturbing features of the period has been the evident discomfiture of the United States Government in regard to their monetary system. It is evident that nothing has been satisfactorily arranged to prevent the troubles which have been so material in



The ridiculousness of the situation dawning upon her, she burst into a hearty laugh.

See chapter two of story "And Lost His Good Name," page 4.

yet only those who feel that they have lost even the imagery in which they were made as something not unlike nor very remote from their Maker, would willingly admit that this world is the end of it and deny personal concern in the birth, life and sacrifice of Him of Whom Christmas reminds us. Personally I believe in a great resurrection, not coming perhaps to everyone at the same hour, but to every worthy one at some most important hour, and as Christmas-tide comes and goes and we view the miracle of Christ's birth we naturally ask ourselves the question that troubled the soul of poor old Job, "If a man die, shall he live again?" It seems to be impossible to

periodicals of the world for 1894 as exemplars of what the people think and want to read, we find them filled with tales of broken hearts and charmingly told episodes of human life, ending in pain and heart-breaks sufficient to convince us that our earthly probation is trying enough to prepare us for a period of happiness hereafter. I never was more impressed than this year with the unanimity with which magazine and Christmas tales end with a picture of some fair and loving woman or some brave and noble man prostrated, with hand on heart or arms hanging helplessly by inanimate bodies. Life and love seem to be composed mostly of pain, if the modern story-

enjoying the glow of having gratified somebody else. Yet unless there were an ache in the tooth no one would go to the dentist, and that so many go to the public with their sorrows indicates that there must be a great sorrowing somewhere; that those most capable of appreciating happiness seem to have it withheld from them, and that those least capable or desirous of expressing their happiness in print are those to whom the great boon is given. To the great dumb mass who express neither happiness nor sorrow our hearts must necessarily go out, for surely they suffer and are glad, yet of neither phase nor of any proportionate part of their lives are we made sure.

weakening the condition of the country's business during a period of depression. To have it discovered that a country is not properly equipped in a monetary sense is disturbing enough; to have months pass while the best minds of the republic are discussing the matter and find that no cure has been discovered, creates additional anxiety. Any united action on the part of the opposing factions can hardly be hoped for. As the United States nears a general election all the eagerness in each camp is in the direction of embarrassing the enemy, and in the meantime we can hardly expect any unanimity of action or any general acceptance of a patriotic measure. This leads to the rather dispiriting conclusion that a return to good times in the United States must be indefinitely postponed.

An interesting point for consideration is whether it is the business of the civilized nations of the earth to interfere in a fight between Japan and China. It will be remembered that at least ninety-nine out of a hundred newspapers predicted that with her enormous population, China must inevitably defeat her puny antagonist. Now that it has been demonstrated that millions count for naught unless they are properly organized, there seems to be a general tendency to let the two countries settle their own disputes. It may be exceedingly hard for China to raise a war indemnity running into millions that will astonish those who have been bystanders, yet presumably the nation that is so infinitely strong in numbers as to have been considered impregnable, should get no sympathy when the fight is over and its brave antagonist has won the day. It seems to me that the world was old enough before this war to abolish the Chinese idea of isolation. It refused to have contact with the world of to-day, and civilization respected its resolution. With a strange irony of fate the lesson came to it from a nation that had but recently adopted modern ideas. The blow was struck, not by a country long versed in the arts of war, but by a people pretty generally confused with the Chinese themselves. A crushing defeat and even an extortionate indemnity will likely be of great use in turning the attention of John Chinaman towards a better condition. China considered that the civilized nations that refused entrance to the Chinese occupied an exceedingly hostile and improper attitude. Now it has been proven that the Chinese are no good even in China, and the government cannot feel injured if foreigners refuse contact with the Celestials that lack so materially in patriotism and the qualifications of citizenship as to be unable even to defend their own country. I think the failure of China to maintain her position has demonstrated that the Chinese are as bad as all civilized nations alleged them to be. They are considered pests in this Western world, and a strong argument has been put in the mouths of the opponents of Chinese emigration by the result of the present war. The teeming millions of China were unable and practically unwilling to protect their own country. Like locusts they waited to be crushed by those who had a superior education and a more advanced ideal. In civilization the question never again can be raised whether such people have a right to disturb the questions of labor and society and the general relations of humanity in admittedly well organized communities.

In anything I have said during the period of depression in Canada I would be very sorry indeed to have it understood that I believe times are not going to get better, and very shortly at that. We are going through a phase of readjustment which will be the birthtime of more new enterprises than Canada has seen in ten years. That things are not going back where they were does not mean that a prosperous and money-making period will not immediately succeed the present depression. The contrary is true. In all readjustments great outlays have been made, and great concerns well managed and provided with capital will seize upon the opportunity to obtain franchises and customers. The half dead, half alive people will be buried; those alive to the modern necessities will strain every nerve to hold their own and catch the coming wind. These are the ones that will live. The concerns that are satisfied with what they have and are not concerned about novelties or improved methods, will die. In the meantime, while all these changes are going on, Canada is in an exceedingly prosperous condition, lacking nothing but faith, foresight and enterprise. I imagine there is no country in the world better off than we are, and it is a shame, a crying shame, that we have not better nerve than to let little shadows make our souls sick.

Right now is the time to start in to make money; opportunities are presenting themselves to-day which a year from now will belong to the past. The man who has faith in himself and his country has a dozen chances to-day to make a fortune to what he had five years ago. But he must have the faith, the foresight, the enterprise and the industry to seize upon the moment when everything is cheap to organize a concern which is to control in his line when times are better and everything becomes higher in price. The bottom has been reached; we may bump along on this level for a few months, but things are bound to come up. I have often ventured advice which was somewhat pessimistic; never before have I ventured an opinion that the future is so full of hopefulness. I am sure of it or I would not venture it now. DON.

Money Matters.

This being a broken week, holiday influences are pre-eminent, and, therefore, it is almost unnecessary to say that everything is quiet in the stock market. The only feature worth making any remark about is the depression of the Ontario Bank Stock. It is hard to say what will be the outcome of this. People are afraid to speak. We have had enough failures and will have enough failures in the mercantile world, but to have a financial failure would cause so much distress and have such far-reaching effects that every effort will no doubt be brought forward to avert a failure.

There is really no necessity for the failure of this Bank, but the management is decidedly unpopular, and that, perhaps, has more than anything else inspired a want of confidence in the mind of the public. One cause or another may be given as the reason for the drop in the value of the stock of any company. There are two accounts that are held by this Bank, one to a grain firm and another to a lumber firm, which were brought up as reasons for the depression of this stock, but whether it be lumber, or grain, or grocery, it all comes to the one focus—want of confidence, and when a few hundred shares are thrown on the market and nobody wants them, down goes the stock. There are a good many strong stockholders, both in Toronto and Montreal, who may perhaps come to the rescue, as they did three years ago. I understand that Messrs. Meredith & O'Brien are very sorry for what might be called an inadvertent remark in their circular, and the notices in the daily papers of Monday last will no doubt have some little influence in raising the price of the shares, in the meantime at least.

But, seeing I am on the Bank business, I have to acknowledge receipt of a great number of letters from investors, who complain that I take a pessimistic view of business in Canada. Now I am not going to discuss whether I am taking a pessimistic or an optimistic view, but I have to say once for all that I try to give facts, against which nobody can kick. At the present time the Banks, Loan and Insurance Companies, and a few capitalists, have all the money and don't know what to do with it, and the rank and file have no money and don't know what to do. Now my correspondents ask me what can be done to remedy the present state of affairs, so that a greater degree of prosperity may be brought about in this Dominion. Well, I am not going to hold forth the desirability of investing in any particular line beyond what I have done, and that is in debenture bonds, but these have been so much run upon, for the reasons given in previous articles, that they will soon not pay more than an ordinary percentage, but with this addition—that the security will be good. In the meantime my reply to my correspondents is this: Get hold of the tariff of this country—find out where the duty is low upon goods that may be manufactured here, say vitrified brick, or crabs, or anything you like, wherein there would be a market, and therefore a profit for the manufacturer and wages for the employees, and a greater circulation of money throughout the country. But of course the impending election cannot be forgotten, with its suggestion of a change of tariff.

I am now in a position to give the prices paid for debenture bonds of the following places, which last week I was unable to give.

The town of Chatham issued \$10,130 debentures at 4½ per cent. payable in 21 years. They were sold for \$10,501, which equals a few dollars under 4½ per cent. interest.

The city of Berlin issued \$10,000 bearing interest 5 per cent. payable in 30 years, annual instalments, sold for what will realize 4½ per cent. per annum, and the \$12,000 debentures payable in twenty annual instalments realized the same return.

The County of Waterloo issued \$10,000 bonds payable in twenty years, annual instalments, and realized \$10,050, equal to 4 per cent.

The County of Egin issued \$15,000 and realized \$15,734, a little less than 5 per cent. per annum. These two have, I think, brought the highest price paid for anything outside Government bonds, which shows the confidence that our people have in townships and municipalities. Now, to sum up the whole matter, it is this: That those who have money on deposit do not want any more and, by a mild refusal, encourage investors to divert their cash into new channels. On that account things will remedy themselves by the natural law of gravitation.

The town of Sudbury issues debenture bonds for \$30,000 for waterworks, bearing interest at 5 per cent. payable in 30 annual instalments. Also bonds for \$10,000 for electric light and sewerage, paying 5 per cent. per annum, and repayable by twenty annual instalments. It is not everybody that would look at these bonds, because Sudbury is entirely dependent upon the mining interest. If the mines are successful, then the place will be successful and the bonds will be good. If not successful, the miners will go away and the place will be left desolate. Another thing is this, that it must be found out what mining property is assessable for the interest of the town. The enterprise for waterworks, electric light and sewerage is certainly commendable, but we have to consider the possibility of the return.

Now that the boodle enquiry is practically over there is a demand for Toronto Street Railway stock.

The Toronto Incandescent Light, which is paying 6 per cent., will be in demand. ESAT.

Great Work by Two Trinity Men.

A remarkable surgical operation which is described in the San Francisco papers as being, in many respects, without a parallel in the history of practical surgery, was successfully performed in that city some weeks ago by two former students of Trinity Medical School, Toronto, namely, D. A. H. G. and A. B. McGill, sons of Mr. George McGill, manager Ontario Bank, Bowmanville. The operation consisted in the removal of portions of the patient's spine, and according to medical authorities it is the only case on record where a similar operation has resulted so successfully and in which the patient lives to enjoy a renewal of the health he lost when he fell and broke his back. There are many known cases where parts of the vertebrae have been successfully removed, but physicians of San Francisco who have examined the case declare that they have never seen, heard nor read of an operation similar to the one which has restored the patient to health, who prior to the operation had entirely lost the use of his limbs. The case and operation may be briefly described as follows:

"The fracture was from the second lumbar vertebra down through the sacrum and coccyx. The result was a pathological growth in these bones, causing an enlargement nine inches long and seven inches wide. This protruded fully two inches from the level of the back to the apex of the swelling, and presented a formation not unlike a huge tumor. The arches of the three lower lumbar vertebrae were removed, which brought the end of the spinal cord itself into the wound. The back plate of the sacrum was then removed for the space of about two inches. The remains of the sacrum and coccyx were then entirely cut out."

Social and Personal.

The usual New Year's Day reception at Government House will not be held this year, as His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor will be absent at the funeral of the late Premier, Sir John Thompson.

The annual At Home of the Trinity Medical College students on December 14 eclipsed all former events of the same nature. Much of the pleasure of the evening was due to the cartoons by the college artist, Mr. C. M. Heydon, who, at the annual banquet, had succeeded in making a number of sketches unobserved. One of the best of these represented Dean Geikie in his historical controversy with Toronto Medical College. The Dean was dressed as a gladiator overcoming a dragon. Some of the other cartoons gave very hard raps to the students, notably one representing Shaw, Cook and McKay returning home from the banquet via the trolley wire, Dancy and Dr. Bingham giving farce comedy unobserved by the Dean, and one inscribed "Shorty wheeling his own load home." But all these were taken in good part, each student securing his own cartoon as a memento to be treasured.

The Varsity Glee Club, which has been making a tour through Western Ontario, returned to Toronto last Saturday after a week's outing, which the boys enjoyed as only students can. Fifty members of the Glee and Banjo Clubs, under the direction of Mr. Walter H. Robinson and Mr. George F. Smedley, comprised the jolly party which left on Monday, Dec. 17, in two private cars for Brantford, where the first appearance was made. Woodstock, London, St. Marys and Stratford were visited on subsequent evenings in the order named, and in each town a great success was scored, the visit of the students being made not only a great musical event, but a social circumstance of the first importance. I regret that lack of space prevents me from recording the many pleasant features of the receptions tendered the tourists at each stopping-place. The tour of '94 was a huge success.

Miss Lou Robinson of Ottawa and her brother, Rev. J. Cooper Robinson of Japan, spent the holidays with Toronto friends.

Miss Maud Givens spent Christmas in Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. Forester are leaving the Hotel Arlington next week. They have taken a house on Wellington place.

Mrs. Doolittle will be at home on Thursday afternoon next from 4.30 to 7 o'clock.

Miss Dwight gave a tea yesterday.

A very pretty wedding took place in Queen street Methodist church on Wednesday evening, December 19, at 7 o'clock, when Miss Josephine Pearson was married to Mr. B. D. Humphrey. The groomsmen were Mr. A. A. Knox. The ushers were Mr. Bruce Pearson and Mr. Fred Baxter. The bride wore white silk with veil and orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. The bridesmaid, Miss Laura Walker, was very prettily gowned in white crepe de chine and carried a bouquet of pink chrysanthemums. As the bridal party were entering, a little girl approached and presented the bride with a very handsome basket of flowers. A reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, 54 Bellevue avenue, after which the happy couple left on the midnight train.

Miss Hoffman, who has been the guest of Miss Elizabeth King of Jarvis street for the past few weeks, has returned to her home in Elmira, N. Y.

Miss Nicol, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Alfred Wright of 68 Lake View avenue, has returned home for Christmas.

Two large events in the coming month will be the Cricketers' Ball on January 24, and the bal poudre given by the ladies' committee in aid of the Depository.

The Toronto Canoe Club hold their annual dinner on January 18.

On Monday afternoon last at St. George's Hall, Mr. D. T. Symons, president of St. George's Society, entertained twenty-five of the past presidents and officers of the society at a handsome luncheon, which proved a most enjoyable affair to the gentlemen present.

Miss Julia Knight of Toronto has been spending her Christmas holidays with her aunt, Mrs. (Judge) La Course of Berlin.

Mr. F. M. Bell Smith has, in the opinion of many, painted the picture of his life, in the new one at present on view at 20 King street east. It is a large canvas showing the corner of King and Yonge streets, looking east on King. The usual stir and bustle of that corner is depicted; pedestrians of every class are going this way and that; the newsboys are doing a thriving trade, and altogether the artist has succeeded in giving the whole scene a swing, a motion and reality such as is always aimed at but seldom attained. Although so many figures are in view, there is nowhere any suggestion of posing or of introducing effects. To sit near the back of the little hall and view the picture long and carefully through a pair of glasses, is a real pleasure. The price of the picture has been set at \$2,500, and it will be worth a great deal more than that some day.

A most enjoyable party was given by the Misses Dingle of Lindsay on Thursday evening of last week, when the time was delightfully whiled away in games, music, etc. Among the guests were several from Toronto and Peterboro'.

Mrs. Greenshields of Montreal is visiting her mother, Mrs. Robert Gooderham. Mrs. Gooderham and Mrs. Greenshields give an afternoon tea on Wednesday next.

The Wanderers have at last decided not to hold a ball this season. This announcement has disappointed many who had looked forward with pleasure to one of the society events of the year. The reason assigned is the impossibility of securing a ball-room cap-

able of accommodating the numerous patrons of the club. However, eight enthusiastic members of the Wanderers have formed the Octagon Club, composed of the following: Mr. J. M. Sinclair, vice-president; Mr. G. P. Sharkey, secretary; Mr. W. F. Dineen, Mr. D. C. Ross, Mr. T. A. Doherty, Mr. W. K. Booth, Mr. Charles McQuillan and Mr. A. O. Hurst. They will hold a series of small dances at the Art Gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists. Pretty octagon-shaped cards are now out for the first, which will be held on Tuesday evening, January 8 next, from 8.30 to 12 p.m.

Mr. James Martin, whose departure from Toronto occasioned so much regret in social circles, is now making his mark in Los Angeles, where his musical talents are much appreciated.

Mrs. Mara of Jarvis street gave a young people's dance on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. McLennan of Murray street gave a tea on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. T. Eaton gives a large tea this afternoon.

Mrs. W. G. Gooderham gave a children's party on Thursday evening.

Miss Mabel Ince is spending Christmas vacation in New York, and will return to St. George street the second week in January.

Mrs. Chestnut of 215 Jarvis street is visiting her parents at Hamilton.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Evelyn McCorquodale and Mr. Harry W. Clarke. The ceremony will take place at 362 Adelaide street west, the residence of Mrs. Graham Macpherson (nee McCorquodale), on the evening of January 2.

Mrs. Gilpin Brown came down last week from the North-West on a visit to her relatives in town. A large circle of friends rejoice to welcome her sweet face again.

Hon. Charles S. and Mrs. Wilbur of New York arrived in town on Saturday to spend Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. King of Jarvis street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. King of St. George street have returned from New York, where they have been spending some time, and will entertain Mrs. Wilbur during the coming week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Glanville of Calgary spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. McGregor of Carlton street.

The marriage of Miss Nora Evelyn Langtry and Mr. Frederick Molyneux, formerly of Torquay, Devon, took place at half-past eleven on Saturday morning at St. Luke's church. Rev. Dr. Langtry, father of the bride, was the officiating priest, assisted by Dean Rigby of Trinity. Miss Langtry's bridal gown was of white satin with long train, and her bright face was veiled in the orthodox diaphanous tulle. She was attended by three maidens, Miss Ethel Langtry, Miss Marion Stephen of Collingwood and Miss Eva Langtry, who wore white dotted muslin frocks with trimmings of apple-green chiffon, and large black velvet hats with feathers and modish jet insertion. The best man was Mr. Frederick Roundthwaite of Collingwood, and the guests were ushered to their places by Messrs. Seymour Porter, Philip Palin and Bertie Castle-town, whose smart scarlet uniform made a pretty dash of color in the regulation black and white of the bridal group. The bride's bouquet was the gift of the choir boys and consisted of white chrysanthemums and maiden-hair. Those of her maids had in addition heads of narcissus. After the *dejeuner* and reception on Mr. and Mrs. Molyneux left for Montreal en route for Portland, where they will make their home.

Christmas week has not been very busy in a social way, people having largely entertained their family circles rather than outsiders. Dinners were given on the holiday by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mrs. Arthurs and Mrs. Beardmore of Chudleigh. Mrs. Alexander Cameron also entertained on Christmas day, giving, I believe, both a luncheon and a dinner.

Mrs. Wade of London is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Waller, Dowling avenue.

The Literary Society held a reunion at St. George's Hall on Wednesday evening last.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Phillips of Detroit spent a short time with Miss Cauldwell of St. James avenue on their way east. Mrs. Phillips always enjoys her visit to Toronto, her native city.

ALUMINUM WARE

Kettles
Lipped Sauce Pans
Kitchen Utensils of All Kinds

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Ice Cream

Is a necessity for your New Year's dinner. We have all the popular flavors in Creams and Water Ices.

Glace aux Marrons
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Individual fancy forms, such as Roses, Strawberries Asparagus, &c., in great variety. All made from pure, sweet cream, with carefully selected flavorings.

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Evening Gloves in all the newest shades. Fur Lined Gloves, Wool and Chamois Lined Gloves, Children's Kid Mitts, Ladies Knitted Silk Mitts.

Our Stock is New and well assorted, and we are Reducing our Prices for Xmas trade.

In our Dressmaking Department we are giving special discounts on Evening Dresses, Opera Mantles and Pretty House Gowns for Xmas presents, and will make them on the shortest notice.

Millinery below cost for the next two weeks.

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Dinner Sets

We are now selling a handsome line of decorated porcelain dinner sets at

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These goods are finished in clouded gold and are very exceptional value.

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Visiting Cards

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TORONTO—3 KING ST. E.

Major and left on Saturday for home.

Mrs. Oth Saturday for home.

Hon. A. to Brantford a home.

Mr. and days in W.

Mr. and pleasant week for who spent popular has amused the piece de ment. Some evoked a gan of Bro hand in a c the ladies' The gentle Heaton. A Mrs. Bow Coldham, Mrs. Harley Mr. and Stewart, Mr. and M others.

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Major L Christmas

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Social and Personal.

Major and Mrs. Hay and their little ones left on Saturday to spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie in Hamilton.

Mrs. Otter, senior, and Miss Otter left on Saturday for a visit to friends in the West.

Hon. A. S. Hardy and his three sons went to Brantford on Saturday to spend the holidays at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Skinner spent a couple of days in Woodstock this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong gave a very pleasant impromptu evening on Friday of last week for Mr. and Mrs. Heaton of Montreal, who spent a few days in town last week. The popular Art Gallery and Library fad, which has amused so many people this season, was the *piece de resistance* in the way of entertainment. Some of the names were very clever and evoked a good deal of merriment. Miss Milligan of Bromley House was clever enough to hand in a catalogue without fault and secured the ladies' prize, a dainty cut glass scent bottle. The gentlemen's prize was won by Mr. Heaton. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Bosworth, Mr. and Mrs. Saydam, Miss Coldham, Mr. and Mrs. McAndrew, Mr. and Mrs. Harley Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Skinner, Mrs. Kenneth Stewart, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Mr. Ryckert, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, Dr. Thistle and several others.

The young ladies of the Presbyterian Ladies' College on Bloor street gave their annual Christmas concert on Thursday of last week in the school-room of the Church of the Redeemer. The principal, Dr. McIntyre, occupied the chair. The college is justly noted for the genial and kind welcome always given by its principal and his charming wife to the friends of the pupils, and also, be it whispered, for the beauty of the young people just entering womanhood who are its inmates. Never did they look more lovely than on the occasion of the Christmas concert, when they took upon their fair shoulders the burden of the entertainment. Special mention is perhaps due to a white-robed elocutionist and a sweet-voiced singer whose bright eyes looked from behind a pair of glasses in a most delightful manner. After the concert the pupils took a light supper and by the next noonday the halls which had echoed their sweet voices for the past three months had settled into holiday quiet.

Mr. Arthur J. Stringer has launched a volume of poetry on the world containing some of his finest productions, together with some new poems, which will be received with interest by his college and other friends.

Some very smart and striking invitations have been issued for the New Year's Day dance by the Gore Vale Club. These are gotten up in scarlet and black and the dance is to be a red and black one, to which guests are bidden for nine o'clock.

Mrs. Duggan and Mrs. Dixon gave a very pleasant tea on Thursday of last week, at which a large number of ladies were present. The hostesses, mother and daughter, received in the drawing-room, which was soon packed with guests, whose fashionable sleeves made progress almost impossible through the crush. The buffet in the dining-room was very daintily served, and all the goodies to which women are partial were liberally dispensed by a bright party of 'dames, including Mrs. Charles Boeckh, Mrs. Eten Fletcher, the Misses Dixon and others. Among the guests I remarked: Mrs. James Carruthers and Miss Hafford of Pennsylvania, Mrs. R. S. Williams, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Warwick of Sunningholme, Mrs. Irving Walker, Mrs. Herbert Walker, Miss Lely Ellis, Mrs. Charles Baird, Miss Nellie Macdonald, Mrs. Giles Williams, Mrs. and Miss King and many others.

Major Lessard left last week to spend the Christmas holidays with his family in Quebec.

Some very smart children's dances have been given recently. Mrs. Wilbur Matthews of Pembroke street gave a very large one to over a hundred young people on Saturday week, and seldom has an evening been more thoroughly enjoyed by a merry crowd. On Friday of last week Mrs. Cosby gave a young folks' party, and the walls of Maplehurst echoed many a merry voice and laugh. This was a very smart and chic affair. Mrs. Cameron's dance for her grand-daughter, Miss Katie Torrance, was one of the most enjoyable youthful affairs of the sort given this season. I hear of a couple more dances for the buds not yet unfolded, and know they will be most delightful.

Mr. and Mrs. Garvin will shortly remove to Brooklyn, where they will for the future reside. Mrs. Garvin's bright face will be much missed from its place in many a circle devoted to good work. She has been for twenty-three years a member of the Girls' Home board, and one of the most successful collectors of contributions in the city. The Misses Garvin only came out recently, and their lovely and graceful personality will no doubt adorn many a smart New York *coterie*.

The Harbord street Collegiate Institute gave a "crush" on Friday evening of last week, at which the youthful element was much in evidence. Hundreds of bright, pretty girls, whose rose-leaf cheeks rivaled the hot-house flowers they wore in profusion, and whose tongues solved the problem of perpetual motion, with a corresponding number of youthful cavaliers simply owned the spacious institute for the evening. The principal begged for silence while an orchestra played and Mr. Sturrock sang, but it was as much use to forbid the birds to sing as to try to stop these young folk from chattering, and the good principal gave it up. The dance of the fairies, a pantomime varied with a few poetical remarks, was very prettily danced and acted by some score of handsome girls. Their poses and dancing were most graceful and finished, and some of the young ladies displayed a wealth of lovely tresses which would cause a throb of envy in many a smart woman's heart. The concert and supper were thoroughly enjoyed by every guest, and all were of the opinion that the committee

Extra

Special

Quality

Price

Dress Goods



170, 172, 174, 176,
178
Yonge Street

R. SIMPSON
ON THE S. W. CORNER

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TORONTO

BLACK SILK—Parcel No. 1

15 yds. Rich All-Silk Black Fausse Francœur.
15 yds. Rich All-Silk Black Reversible Peau de Soie.
15 yds. Rich All-Silk Black French Gros Grain.
Regular price \$13 the dress for \$9.75, all silk and recommended for wear.

DRESS SILK—Parcel No. 2

15 yds. Black Countess (the new silk).
15 yds. Black French Gros Grain.
15 yds. Fausse Francœur.
Guaranteed all silk and recommended to wear, worth \$16.50, special for \$12.65

deserved many thanks for a delightful evening.

Miss Paton, who had been away on a visit, returned to Clover Hill last week.

Miss Mary O'Hara is spending the holidays with relatives in Chatham.

The Rev. Robert Sims and Mrs. Sims (*nee* Chewett) have returned from their wedding trip to Bermuda. Mr. Sims has been appointed rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, North Chatham.

Captain and Mrs. Williams from Winnipeg are the latest additions to the little circle of our gallant defenders and their wives of Stanley Barracks. Captain and Mrs. Williams are at present at the Arlington.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicol Kingmill's dance at the Arlington last evening was, it goes without saying, most pleasant.

The Elite Directory has been for a fortnight on the market. Though the publishers have taken great pains to ensure a correct and satisfactory edition, some omissions and faults have unavoidably been noticed too late for correction. A generally satisfactory guide, which future editions will render more so, has been issued, and in a most attractive shape.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carruthers and family leave for Egypt on January 3.

A very fashionable fad in the West is the Pedro Club, and I hear that the most inveterate players are of the gentler sex. Pedro and heavy suppers are the two most ruinous things I know of to the nerves and the complexion of those "things of beauty" which we call society

women. "Pedro wrinkles" are those perpendicular furrows between the brows which come after over concentration on the risky game.

Talking of games reminds me to notice that some of our graceful women and girls are making great progress in fencing. One *svelte* and alert figure is a charming picture as she deftly thrusts and parries, and several other students are acquiring much benefit from the difficult and exacting exercise.

The fashion of ladies dining on Wednesdays at the Athletic is gaining favor. I am told that scarcely a week has passed unmarked by a visit from the fair to the dining-room.

Mrs. Boyes, daughter of Mrs. Irving Walker, has been on a visit at Surrey Villa. Her home is in California.

Miss Docker of Dunnville has been visiting Mrs. Lount of Kernagaragh.

A very pretty exhibition of china painting was given in the parlors of the Y.W.C.G., by Miss Couen and her pupils. The large parlors were prettily decorated and the many tables covered with daintily painted china. This is the second exhibition Miss Couen has given and she is to be congratulated on the marked progress to be seen in the work exhibited. Clearness of color and grace of design are distinguishing characteristics of Miss Couen's work. A new feature in the work this year was the good effect produced by the skillful use of the enamel as shown on several trays. A chocolate set for Mrs. George Warwick and a clock for Miss Montgomery (both the work of Miss Couen), were much admired by all the visitors. Conspicuous among the other pieces were noticed a handsome tile of roses, a fish set and a tall fern jar, showing pretty Royal Berlin effects under a raised network of china. The work exhibited by the pupils was creditable. The parlors were filled with visitors during both days of the exhibition, among whom were observed: Dr. and Mrs. McPhedran, Rev. Mr. Morrison, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Gowans, Mrs. McKinnon, Dr. and Mrs. Sark, Mr. and Mrs. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Gregory, Dr. Trow, Mrs. Price Brown, Mrs. Reeves, Mrs. Nillson, Mrs. Neville, Mrs. Ratter, Mrs. Warwick, Mrs. Earle, Mrs. Massie, Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. Kemp, Mr. and Mrs. Gray. In the evening the visitors had not only the pleasure of viewing the china, but of listening to a tenor solo by Mr. Arthur Carnahan.

One Who Enjoys Whist

knows the value of a good marker. We don't qualify the statement when we say that the

FOSTER WHIST MARKER is the handsomest, most unique and most satisfactory marker yet made. It is finished in Mahogany and Ebony with Ivory keys, and would make an acceptable gift to any man or woman who enjoys the game.

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(Successors to Retail Department of Hart & Riddell)
12 King Street West, Toronto

15 Days' Sale Dress Goods

Reliable goods, fashionable colors, offered at startling prices in order to clear this month. Our choice Pattern Dresses, regular selling price \$1.50, actually being sold at 75c. a yard. A nice selection to choose from if you come at once. This sale includes our Colored Silk Grenadine for evening wear. Special lines of Handkerchiefs shown this week in Silk, Lawn, Linen, &c.—a great variety for the holiday trade.

H. A. STONE & CO., 212 Yonge St.

Tons of Poultry

Turkeys, Geese, Ducks
Chickens and Game

Special prices and extra quality for this week. Choice Fruits, Fresh Vegetables, New Canned Goods, Fresh and Salt Fish, Fresh Bulk Oysters—solid meat, Blue Points and Malpeques, in shell, by the dozen or barrel.

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ART NEEDLE WORK

Monday and Thursday Afternoons
Also Thursday and Friday Mornings.

MRS. FANNY PHILP, 23 Wilton Crescent.

Winter Dresses

Now that the great rush is over there is time to make a careful selection from our

Homespun, Cheviots, Tweeds, Zebulines, Serges, &c.
In all these our importations are up to Fashion's demands.

MOURNING A SPECIALTY

Careful Attention
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John Catto & Son

King Street
Opposite the Post Office

JAMES SCOTT & SON

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF

HIGH-CLASS DRY GOODS

Are showing in every department an immense stock of

Choice Novelties Suitable for Christmas Presents

91-93 KING STREET EAST

Very Moderate Prices
Inspection Invited.

To Our Many Kind Customers

We wish you a Happy and Prosperous New Year. We thank you most heartily and sincerely for the vast amount of patronage we have received during the past year, and we trust by strict and careful attention to business to merit a continuance of the same. Our motto for 1895 will be: "A pleased customer will call again."

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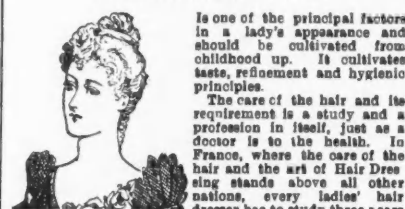
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Dressing, which is embellished by the Government like any other professional college.

It is an acknowledged fact that the cultivation of taste in the art of ladies hair dressing has a powerful influence on society and morality. There is an irresistible admiration for a lady who has her hair daintily dressed and cared for, which is a sure indication that she possesses refinement and hygienic principles. We make a specialty of the care of hair and hair dressing of ladies and children. Hair dressing for Balls, Parties, Weddings, etc. Hair carefully and scientifically treated after fevers or illness. Gray hair restored in any color or shade. Private parlors. Consultations invited.

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In Hair Ornaments

See our pretty parted Bangs and Chignons.

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Hygiene Waists

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Children, Misses and Ladies

Standard Dress Bone

UNEQUALLED in quality or price. The steel is of extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior satin. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends or become detached.

Standard Dress Bones are put up in lengths 6 to 18 inches, also in sets.

They are recommended by leading dressmakers.

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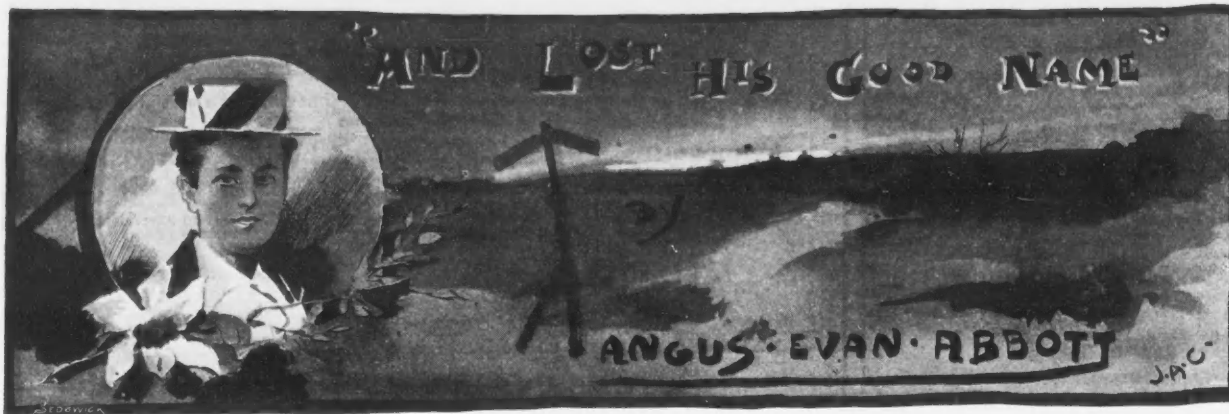
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II.

Drury lane is a dismal district at any time of the year, and on any sort of day; but in a drizzle and a fog it is deplorable. On such a day the roadway swims in mud of the most splashable kind, and at every tread of a horse's hoof, and every turn of a wheel, this liquid dirt is sent in showers over the narrow pavements and against the adjoining houses, until the whole street is wainscoted in brown. As Richard Darrell walked down the lane, his coat collar turned up over his ears and his hands deep in his pockets, he could not but look with amazement at the groups of ill-dressed, bleary women that stood huddled in the entrances to the dreary courts that shoot off from the narrow thoroughfare. Some of them held red-faced babies to their breasts; most of them had beefy, bare arms folded under their aprons; and all of them looked vacantly out upon the rain that fell with monotonous patter on the surface of the flushed gutters, and expression of neither expectation nor disappointment, but it might be hopeless waiting, on their faces. He wondered for whom they waited. Day by day he had seen them stand. "Surely," he said to himself, "they have nothing to live for, and living is sore work and cold. But, after all, how much lonelier than they am I? They wait for nothing, and I wait for that which never comes."

Turning through Clare Market, he presently came to a doorway which may once have held a door, but now even the hinges were gone; and diving into a narrow hall, he made up a flight of stairs, lifted a latch, and stepped into a small room. This chamber contained one bed, and by the only window in the room a young man sat, his head bowed over a table and a pen in his hand.

"Hullo, Dick! what's brought you from your club so soon?" shouted the young man without, however, glancing from his work for a moment.

Darrell threw his hat on the bed and turned down his collar.

"I've finished with the club, Jack, my boy. I've been clubbed enough. I'm going!"

He sat down, his legs stretched out before him and his hands in his pockets, the only place for a man who is down in the world to put his hands, unless he puts them in other people's.

"Going! Where are you going? What do you mean?" asked Jack Howard, looking up for the first time from the drawing before him. "What do I mean? That this masterly inaction of mine is to develop immediately into an acute form of masterly retreat. I'm going back to Dixey—rather, Dorset. Dorset thinks it can put up with me" (here he tossed Parson Goodall's letter to his room-mate), "London does not. I'm one country product too many in this village, and I'm not beef. The only brains they ask for in London are calves."

Jack Howard slowly read the letter and folded it again.

"Chuckling it?" he asked.

"Chuckling me. I'm not the cause; I'm the effect. I'm not the catapult; I'm the pebble. The supposed tide in my affairs was running the wrong way when I got aboard the bladders to float on its breast, and it has led me to disaster, not to fortune."

"Money gone?"

"Oh, no. I have two and threepence half-penny yet," Dick answered with grim cheerfulness.

"Then how are you going to raise the fare to Dorset?"

"By open-air express, Jack. As you can see by the parson's letter, there is no desperate hurry, and I wish to see the country. I will stroll back, saunter by the river's brim to Windsor, do the Long Walk for Virginia Water, view Royal Ascot uninterrupted by the wiles of the welcher, make for Reading, and from there for Salisbury, wooing the gentle turnip fields for sustenance by the way."

"Turnip fields! Fiddlesticks! This is March and turnips are off, if I know anything of the country. See here, Dick, this won't do, you know, this won't do," Jack Howard began, pacing the room. "Hang it all, you know there's a bit of money to be picked up in this town, if we only knew where it is and how to go about getting it." Here the young man dived his hand into his pocket and drew forth a half-crown, two shillings, and a few coppers. He looked ruefully at the coins as they lay in the palm of his hand. Darrell laughed.

"I noticed old Mickoll tacking his way down the street. He's collecting rent. He'll make a hole in your store."

Jack Howard blew off the safety-valve of his vocabulary and put the coins back into his pocket. Then he said:

"He'll jolly well have to wait for his rent. You're going to have the money this week."

"Landlords' agents wait for no man," Dick said, but Howard interrupted peevishly:

"Wait for every man, you mean. They're always at the door. I'd like to—to—I don't exactly know what I wouldn't like to do with the lot of them. But you shall have the money, if he turns me out of doors to-night."

"No, no, no, Jack. Pay up like a respectable Englishman. I can walk. I want to walk back. It may take some of the conceit out of me. They say that a man is not a man till he has slept in the park for a few nights. I'll

be a man. It seems to me, Jack, that you are on the fair way to fortune. You have got your toe in the door, so that the servant can't slam it in your face. In a few weeks' time you will be waiting in the hall, and in a few months more invited into the sitting-room. The publishers are beginning to look at your work. When I next come back from Dorset—if ever I do—you may be in a position to give me a hand up. I'm going back to instruct the youth, after having failed in all else. School teaching, the church and crossing-sweeping are the only successful openings for unsuccessful people. I fear I shall not have much patience with the young idea. Shoot the young idea!—Dorset!"

The two young men sat in silence, Darrell quietly tapping the toes of his boots together and gazing away past them to the bare school-room in distant Dorset, and Howard turning the end of his pencil around and around between his teeth, his brows knitted and his face dark. So they sat until a heavy step ascending the stair broke the silence of the room. This was followed by a peremptory knock at the door. Howard started up, muttering something as he arose, made half-way



"What does this pencilling mean," she asked.

across the room impetuously, and then as suddenly stopped. Diving into his pocket he drew forth the half-crown, looked at it, spat on it, spun it in the air, and, letting it fall with a slap into his upturned palm, jerked the door open just wide enough to admit of his thrusting his arm through. He felt the coin leave his hand, heard the formal "Thank you," which is no thank you at all, and slammed the door. Leaning his back against it, he looked at Dick some moments before asking:

"When do you start?"

"I have written to the editors who still have stories of mine, and my marching all depends on the answers I get. If by to-morrow's post they return, or rather if by to-morrow's post there is no favorable answer from one of the editors, I shall start immediately. I wish, old man, you would let me leave my manuscripts with you for a time, until I scrape up money enough to have them sent to me by parcel post. There's a van-load of them, and many are not worth the postage; but I think, for 'auld lang syne,' I'd like to have them returned. I can paw them over and dream in Dorset; perhaps—perhaps prepare some of them for a second invasion of London. I wish to march light."

And so it was arranged. Jack Howard resumed his work, and Darrell packed his manuscripts carefully in a corner.

In the afternoon Darrell wandered forth to do nothing at all, the hardest task a man can turn his hand to in London. He zigzagged through the narrow courts, dodging the tips of the ragged children darted through the yellow air, stepped into the gutter to escape the groups of slatterns and drunken men, paused to read the contents of bills of the evening papers, looked at the prints in the windows, gazed on the self-satisfied photographs of more or less successful and wholly popular authors, scrambled greedily through the boxes of second-hand books, and—against his better nature, it is true—read the bills of fare that hung outside restaurants and public-houses, and always edging, step by step, indirectly but not quite unwittingly, drawn thither by the recondit magnetism of the place, towards the only public building in London he looked upon and thought of kindly, the British Museum. He called it his club, and such it had been to him, as to many another in like need. Entering, he noticed that the girl he had earlier in the day befriended still sat at the desk, but now she was busily engaged in sketching from some old plates before her.

"Oho! an artist," he muttered. "Not a literary woman. Not a woman who turns out a novel a month to get her picture in the ladies' papers, but one who does the pictures. Good! Anything must be better than a woman writer."

It seemed to him that she worked with individual freedom and rapidity. With the nonchalance of an *habitué*, he paused behind her chair for a moment. A line here, a stroke there, a bit of heavy shading, a curve or two; a ghostly figure outlined, with here and there a carefully marked-out particular—a brooch, a shoe-buckle, a cuff—this was all he saw. Her fingers nimbly plied the pencil, and occasionally she pushed the sketch-book at arm's length to look, with her head to one side, at the general effect. When he sat down she gave him a smile of recognition without once stopping her work. She seemed to have made herself already quite at home, and settled herself for a good day's work.

Darrell had brought with him from the shelf an old copy of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, to which all readers in the British Museum resort when they have nothing else to do (the

bound volumes from the year 1751 are to be found on the shelves numbered 2080). They are pleasant reading after one is tired of the periodicals of the day. He had settled himself comfortably to a highwayman-hanging story, when he was again interrupted by the girl bending towards him and thrusting forward one of the book slips.

"What does this pencilling mean, can you tell me?" she asked.

He took the slip of paper from her hand. Across the face of it, where he earlier in the day had filled in the particulars of a book required, was scribbled in pencil "Large Room." But these were not the words his eye sought. He quickly slipped down to the signature at the bottom of the slip of paper, and saw, written in a masculine hand, "Madge Treveland." He believed he had never seen or heard of her name before, but determined to watch for it in future. Referring to the pencilling, he replied:

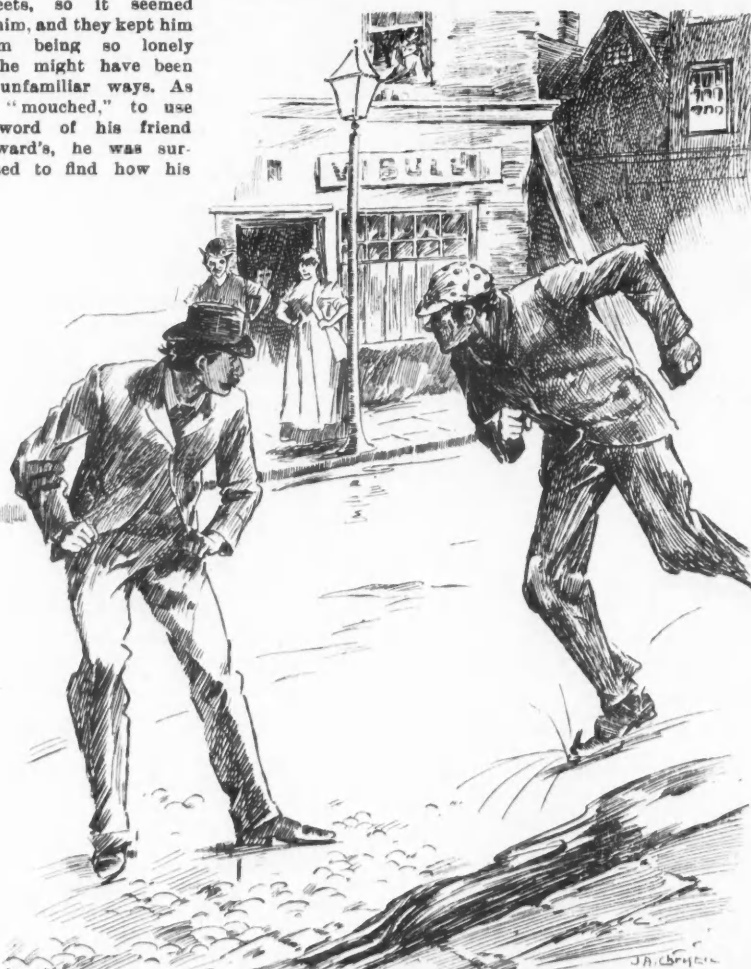
"The Large Room, it is where the extremely rare and valuable books are kept—a holy of holies in the Museum. You must apply at that door with this ticket, and you will be admitted to the Large Room, which, naturally enough, is a small room. If you will allow me, I will show you the way."

"No, thank you! I have all I can possibly finish to-day," she glanced at the heap of books before her. "I will leave the Large Room for a larger day," and she went on with her work.

Richard Darrell read and read, and did not forget to glance occasionally at the face of the girl and the fingers of the girl. Their little Cromwellian war now worried him and interested him. She turned the pages of her sketch-book, and—so, at least, it appeared—had not the remotest idea that he was watching her closer than even the understood rules of the reading-room allow. But as she worked he gradually became restless, and after wandering around the room for some minutes again made out into the dusk of the foggy afternoon.

It is strange that a man, with the wide world his to wander in, should choose to tether himself to a specific spot. Man is a timid animal. He is a hunter of familiar places, and by nature he looks askance at unfamiliar objects. He cannot sleep in a strange bed, nor comfortably next door to his own usual sleeping-place. He prefers to sit in the same chair and in the same place at his own table. And this is doubly true of a poor man. Such an one cannot afford to roam, and strangers are his foes. Turned out to wander, Dick Darrell instinctively took the direction of Clare Market.

He knew each stone of the streets, so it seemed to him, and they kept him from being so lonely as he might have been in unfamiliar ways. As he "mouched," to use a word of his friend Howard's, he was surprised to find how his



With an expression of savage cunning on his face, came like a battering ram.

thoughts would drift to the gray-haired, red-checked girl who pushed her pencil so industriously. A clever woman, he thought, and men like clever women, no matter how much they may write to the contrary. Besides this, Madge Treveland was the only woman Dick Darrell had had two words with since he came to London, except, of course, the greasy maid of the milk shop around the corner and one or two sophisticated waitresses in vegetarian restaurants and a few others. But this Miss Treveland was a different sort. Although the few words they had passed were in the main utterly trivial and commonplace, except her outrageous statement in regard to his her, there was something about the young

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woman, the expression of her face, the hang of her gown, something—a young man can ever find out exactly what it is—something that was uncommon and to his taste. And an artist, too! Artists have no greater worshippers than literary men, as mummies have no fiercer denouncers. Darrell himself could have written a volume in praise of an artist, and ten in damnation of an actor. An artist, with the double advantage of being at the same time a handsome young woman! Lovely! Darrell grinned broadly as he reasoned—or unreasoned, it may be should be written. But the merriment died from his face as he thought of the improbability of ever seeing her again. The chances were heavily against his visiting his club again for years to come, for he felt convinced that the morrow's post would bring him no good news. But, as it turned out, he was not done with the girl yet. All this time he had been strolling through the frowsy streets some hour or more, when, turning again into Drury lane, he was startled by a shriek, and, right ahead of him, he saw a woman whirled into the middle of the roadway, and a heavy ruffian making towards him with all the speed he could gather.

It was not the first time Dick had heard such a scream and beheld the sight now before him. Drury lane and neighborhood he knew to be the resort of snatch thieves, and although his experience told him it was a dangerous thing to meddle in such a matter, his manhood prompted him to aid the distressed, and he prepared for a tussle with the villain who now came tearing towards him, the fellow's iron-shod boots setting up a great clatter on the stones as he ran. Noticing Darrell, the fellow swerved in his course, and with an expression of savage cunning on his face, came like a battering-ram straight for the young man. Darrell crouched low to tackle the man by the legs, as they do at football; but the thief, who had had more practice at dodging would-be catchers than Darrell had at catching thieves, when almost on top of the young man made as if to jump on Darrell's shoulders, but at the last moment sprang to one side like a cat, and as Darrell, taken unawares, darted to grab him, the man straightened out his left arm, catching Dick fairly in the chest and sending him spinning along the pavement twenty feet or more, until he brought up comfortably, if ignominiously, seated in a huge wicker basket of turnip tops that stood before a greengrocer's. The man dived into a court and was gone. Darrell, the wind knocked out of him, sat in the basket, scarcely knowing where he was, until he noticed some women of the Lane pointing their red hands at him and laughing as they had not laughed for many a long day. He leaped

snip the ribbons that hung from the girl's girdle, and quickly doubling them under her apron made off through the crowd that closed up quickly to cover her retreat. They were plucking their prize. As Dick shoved his way towards the center, one of the women, an Amazon of gigantic proportions, with a scar across her cheek of dimensions corresponding to her size, and talking sympathetically all the while, was, as a crude matter of fact, forcibly taking the girl's handsome jacket off her back, to dry it, as she said. Darrell rather unceremoniously brushed his way to the girl's side, and said quietly enough, but with plenty of determination in his voice:

"Now then, good people, enough of this. Leave the jacket alone, will you? I will attend to it. I know this young lady."

"Well, what if ye do? That ain't nothing to 'er credit. I'm a-takin' 'er jacket to clean it for 'er, I am," the Amazon insisted.

"Never mind her jacket, that's a good woman. It will do. Let us out," and turning to the girl, who now recognized who it was that spoke, he said, in a tone that might well have been considered rude under ordinary circumstances, "Pull yourself together and get out of this. Here, take my arm."

"My muff," she said.

He stopped and looked about him.

"I gave it to a woman to hold—and my parasol."

Darrell saw the grin on some of the faces that still surrounded them. "Come on; they're gone now," he said, and without more ado marched off with the girl, while the ragged crowd set up a jeering cheer, and some of the number shouted ribald language after them.

"I should have thought you would have known better than venture down Drury lane at this time of the afternoon, and in a fog, too," he said, none too pleasantly. "It was foolish."

She glanced quickly at him, but he continued, as a hungry man will:

"They would have had your jacket and hat in another minute, and your head if they could have made anything out of it."

"I thought they were a little too fervent in their kindness," she said; and the ridiculousness of the situation dawning upon her, she burst into a hearty laugh.

Richard Darrell looked at her, and this made her laugh the heartier.

"What a joke," she said at last. "What a silly adventure. My muff and umbrella and purse!" Again she broke into a merry laugh, but this was checked suddenly enough when she remembered all she had lost.

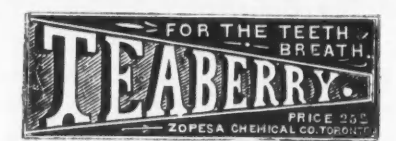
"There! That great brute who snatched my purse must have my return ticket. It was in my hand-bag."

"And your money?"

"All gone too," she answered ruefully.

"Like a woman," Darrell muttered half aloud. "Then you must allow me to get you a ticket." He thought of his two and threepence, and hoped it might be sufficient for the job. If not, he would be in a foolish fix.

"It is very kind of you, but not the first kindness I have had from the same quarter to-



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"day, and I will accept this as I have the others," Darrell said. "Delighted to have had so many chances offered me, although it does seem a little too gallant to be thankful for your robbery in the Lane, does it not? From which station do you go?"

"The Temple."

"Eureka! The Underground! The longest third-class fare could not be more than a shilling, and he had two. His wealth might even permit him to take for her a second-class fare! If so, he would certainly have her travel second-class. But when they reached the station she would not hear of anything but a third-class ticket, laughing that as she intended to repay the debt she must not be extravagant. Besides, as she had already paid her fare and lost it, it would be madness to think that she could afford luxuries. He got the ticket for her."

"And now," she said, when he handed her the ticket, "will you give me your address that I may repay you the money?"

He thought a moment before replying.

"I, I—well, the truth is I have no address in London. I am leaving the city to-morrow, or next day perhaps. Maybe you will give me permission to call for it. I should enjoy doing that. My name is Richard Darrell."

The girl answered, in the frank way he had always noticed she employed:

"If you will I shall be glad to see you, Mr. Darrell, and to pay you, and I feel certain my friends will welcome you as well."

She gave him her address, which he took down in a note-book at her dictation.

"When I call, with your permission we will resume our conversation about Cromwell, which was so short, and, if I may say so, unsatisfactorily crisp this morning," he said, holding out his hand to her.

She looked him in the eye, and, taking his hand, said:

"You have been very kind to me to-day. Without you I'm sure I should not have known what to do," and then she hurried off down the stairs to catch her train.

(To be continued.)

Books and Authors.

FOR a writer's first book to be published in 1820 or 1822 and her last—or let us say her latest—to come from the publishers in the expiring hours of 1894, is a most unusual and almost an unprecedented performance, yet such is the feat performed by Mrs. Catharine Parr Traill, who early in the century wrote capital stories for London publishers and later emigrating to Canada and settling with her husband on the banks of the Ottonabe River, has during all the intervening years preserved a perennial vigor of mind and industry of pen. It may be said truthfully that Mrs. Traill is better known in Great Britain than in Canada, for nearly all her books have been published in London, but it is fitting that her latest book should have been published in Canada (William Briggs, Toronto), and in this fact there is evidence of the long-deferred dawn of a day when this country will possess facilities for handling and a market for consuming the product of native authors. Pearls and Pebbles, or Notes of an Old Naturalist, is the title of Mrs. Catharine Parr Traill's present book, and a most interesting biography of the remarkable old lady is contributed by Mary Agnes Fitzgibbon, author of A Veteran of 1812. It was in 1835 that The Backwoods of Canada was written by Mrs. Traill, and the next year it was published by Charles Knight of London. She wrote many short stories and sketches between that time and 1850, when she wrote Lady Mary and her Nurse, which has since appeared in several editions, as Afar in the Forest. Later she produced The Canadian Crusades, published by Messrs. Hall & Verue of London, and presently the copyright of this and the last named book were purchased by Nelson & Sons, Edinburgh. They went into several editions and are still produced under the titles Lost in the Backwoods and Afar in the Forest. Mrs. Traill's work as a naturalist had attracted attention in England, and Lady Charlotte Greville succeeded in so far interesting Lord Palmerston that a grant of £1000 was made to her. In 1866 appeared Canadian Wild Flowers and in 1884 Plant Life in Canada. It the latter year she visited Ottawa and it was while in the Capital that the photograph was taken from which the accompanying portrait is produced, for the use of which we are indebted to the kindness of William Briggs. The portrait shows Mrs. Traill in her eighty-fourth year, and now, at ninety-four, she is in possession of her full faculties and is a remarkable specimen of physical longevity and mental inexhaustibility. I have devoted so much space to the interesting authoress that I must condense into a few words what I shall say about the volume before me. Pearls and Pebbles is a quiet and fluent discussion by Mrs. Traill, and as one reads one feels that it is Mrs. Traill, the observant, the affectionate naturalist, who is writing. Our Native Grasses, Indian Grass, Mosses and Lichens, Some Curious Plants—The Spider, A Defence, The English Sparrow—these are among the subjects treated. The volume is prettily bound in cloth and I am sure its contents deserve to arouse public interest and warm approval.

At Last, by Marie Elise Lauder, author of Tootle in Europe, Legends and Tales of the Hartz Mountains, etc., has just been issued from the press of William Briggs, Toronto. Mrs. Lauder is a Toronto lady with a distinct literary turn, who has traveled extensively in Europe, which fits her for the treatment of her plot, it opening in Toronto and shifting to Europe, to France and the Riviera of Italy. The descriptions of scenery in these sunny lands, the interesting chats about other days which sprinkle the book, are in the author's best style and make this volume not only readable, but instructive and suitable for young people in the holiday or any other season.

The issue of *Variety* for Dec. 17 is the Christmas number of that clever college weekly and it is a production that reflects great credit upon its managers and editors. Among the contributors are Prof. Goldwin Smith, J. G. Bourinot, Charles G. D. Roberts, Duncan Campbell, Scott, Archibald Lampman, E. Paul-

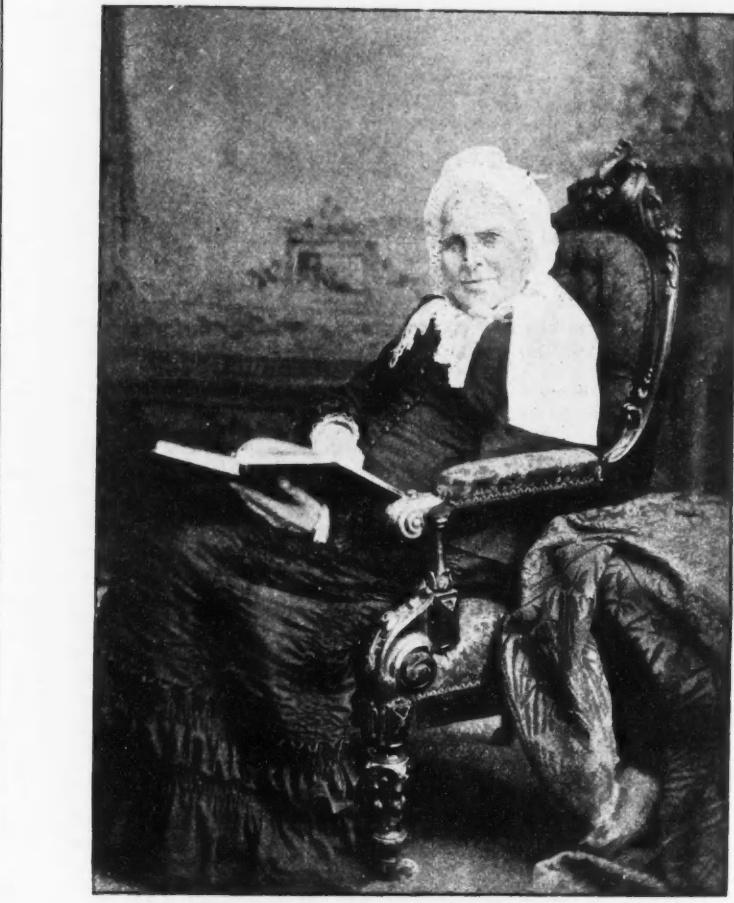
ine Johnson, Evelyn Durand, L. E. Horning, W. J. Alexander, Clare Reade, Arthur J. Stringer and others. The contributions of all save the two last named are signed in autograph. Prof. Smith gives some translations from the Greek Anthology, among which are some lines:

TO A SCRIBER.
Beware no more that heat of thine,
Marcus, the deadlier death is mine.
To me is due thy elegy,
That murdered by thy starve I lie.
Whoe'er he was that showed to men
The use of paper and of pen,
Heaven grant to expiate his crimes,
He may be doomed to hear thy rhymes.

This is very neat. A couplet in Pauline Johnson's Marsh Lands strikes me as being wondrously delicate and effective in conveying the idea of even-tide over the silent marsh:

Late cranes with heavy wing and leg, flight
Sail up the silence with the evening night.
Dumas, the elder, had a dog, as hospitable as was his master, and that dog once invited twelve other dogs to Monte Cristo, Dumas's palace, named after his famous novel. Dumas's factotum-in-chief wanted to drive off the whole pack. "Michel," said the great romancer, "I have a social position to fill. It entails a fixed amount of trouble and expense. You say I have thirteen dogs, and that they are eating me out of house and home. Thirteen! That is an unlucky number." "Monsieur, if you will permit me, there is nothing left for me to do. I must chase them all away." "Never, Michel, never. Go at once and find me a fourteenth dog."

When the first edition of Thomson's Seasons came out the poet sent a copy, handsomely bound, to Sir Gilbert Elliott, of Minto, afterward Lord Justice Clerk, who had shown him great kindness. Sir Gilbert showed the book,



Yours very sincerely
Catharine Parr Traill

which was really a credit to the publisher, to his old gardener, who was a relation of Thomson's. The old man took it in his hands, turning it over and over, and gazing at it in evident admiration. Sir Gilbert asked: "Well, David, what do you think of James Thomson now? There's a book that will make him famous all the world over, and immortalize his name." David, looking first at Sir Gilbert and then at the book, replied proudly: "In truth, sir, it is a grand book! I did not think the old man had ingenuously to his done such a neat piece of handicraft as that." And without a glance inside the handsome covers, the gardener handed the book back to his employer, repeating his surprise that his poor poetical relative should have attained to such praiseworthy work.

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"Has old Tough quit smoking?" enquired one man of another. "I don't know whether he has or not, but he died the other day," was the evasive reply.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

SHADES OF GRAY.—I must refer you to the social column of last week's paper, where you will find the information you require.

BETTY.—You will find that La Mode has attended to your request in another column. Unless the gentleman is a relative I should strongly advise you not to make him the present you suggest. It is far too costly, and a trifle too familiar, so to speak.

NOMAS.—Decision, ambition, buoyancy, desire for effort regard for appearance, practical and continued effort, light and constant purposes, some social leanings, excellent sequence of ideas, are some of the traits shown in a very good study. If your power equals your perseverance you should write success in large letters.

L. L. F. L.—"E's" means abounding or prevalent. I don't think it would be quite correct to say a place was "filled" with rats. "Alive" would be better. The roots of the word are the Anglo-Saxon "vrit," prevalent, and the Icelandic "vif," manifest. 2. As to your study, it is rather youthful and will give some better results in time. At present it shows carelessness of detail, rather undue self-assertion and positiveness, some susceptibility, a lack of tact, an honest, truthful method, and a rather practical turn of mind.

ROSALIE K.—You are rather a sentimental and susceptible person, social, frank, sympathetic, and rather deliberate and matter-of-fact in method and thought. It is quite possible to combine the above qualities for the formation of a rather fine character. Your judgment is good, but apt to be endangered by partiality. You have ambitions and would probably enjoy social success. Your aim is not always direct, but you have a good deal of grit and perseverance.

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HAYWARD.—You have asked the right question, my country friend. It is the will power that needs concentrating and strengthening. By your nature is not to stamp your foot and keep it down, and we are not all made alike, you know. That higher force joined to perseverance often does more than stamping. You have some fine qualities; honesty, justice, even temper and modesty are shown. The very erratic slant of your letters shows a flexible and undisciplined method, but there is a certain quiet force and some sincerity also visible. It does not seem to me that you have learned the art of looking out for number one in the systematic way that helps on to success. You have some culture, undoubted ability and a mercurial temperament. I rather like you.

ORLANDO.—I. Thanks very much for the long rignarole, which I haven't time to read. The signature is the best part, showing that with the nonsense knocked out of you, you'd not be a bad fellow. 2. You are imaginary, scatter-brained and volatile, with wide sympathy, sensitive feeling and a good deal of conceit. You can take very good care of yourself, and should be a charming companion if the other fellow were deaf and dumb. Are you a preacher, a lecturer or a schoolmaster? You ought to have the floor to be happy. At the same time you will some day get toned down and I believe a rather fine man will emerge from a cloud of verbosity and nonsense. At present, kindly turn off the tap, for I am over my head in a flounder of stupidity and I would fain wade ashore!

BOATWELL.—They do me up in awful shapes, don't they?

I sometimes scarcely know where I am! The main trait in your study is an energetic and soaring self-confidence. If you ask anyone's advice it will either be from policy or pretence. You should succeed in a marked manner, when you put your will to achieve. You should have a good deal of artistic taste, a very unusual judgment, excellent sequence of ideas, which might foreshadow success in literary effort. You love your ease, also are fond of your own way, but you are too diplomatic to enforce it unduly. I don't remark any susceptibility, and think sentiment should not be your weak (or strong) point. My love is the exceptionally clever man. I wonder how he knows! And finally, the impression conveyed by your study is that you yourself are not much of a dunce.

JACK DUNK.—You are clever but not pleasant. It is no use trying to flatter me by calling me a "sweet woman." Perhaps when you read this you'll know better. 2. Your writing shows marked self-indulgence and some tendency to conceit. You like your own way, have a bright perception and enjoy life, though not in the most approved fashion. You lack refinement and have a nasty turn to some of your lines that shows temper and vindictiveness. At the same time you are generous, original, and might be a man to be proud of, could you rise a little higher from the earth and materialism. Just try it! 3. Don't I long for someone to stand between me and life's worries! No, I am not so selfish; I can take my share and don't find life had after all. If I took as much thought for myself as you do, I suppose I'd have a pretty hard time, but I am not made that way.

N. S.—Three different gentlemen you want to know the characters of! Well, there's nothing like being of an enquiring turn of mind. Just because it is you I shall break my rule and tell you what your scraps reveal, but remember, no more. The one you have marked shows a good deal of ambition and a firm will, some temper, plenty of energy; would perhaps be difficult to manage on some points; should be honest, but a trifle self-willed, not to say obstinate; not very adaptable; a person unlikely to appear to best advantage, but to improve on acquaintance. The second specimen is probably the other one who "appears to be earnest." (You funny child! What about?) This is too crude a writing to get anything from, and you would not care for a study. If there were more than a blotched envelope, perhaps I could succeed, but I don't think either good or bad traits are in the scrap. The third is a plausible, easy, adaptable, clever person, with a good deal of imagination, decided self-interest, longheaded and apt to

get through life in comparative ease. He is more sensitive to outer influences, through the senses, than either of the others; has a capital temper, even judgment, admiration for beauty and a rather tactful and sympathetic nature; thinks a good deal of himself and is more refined in nature than the others. I think on the whole your own choice is the best of the three, though I am inclined to prefer the last. He certainly would prefer himself to anyone.



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Announcement.

PRIZE STORY AND ART COMPETITION.

Our Christmas Number for 1894 has met with a reception that has never before been accorded a Canadian holiday publication. The entire edition has been closed out and this is most gratifying to the publishers. Success has inspired the Sheppard Publishing Company (Ltd.) to attempt something still better. The picture, *Charmed by the Song Bird*, is a home production, and it has indicated what triumphs may be achieved in this line when expense is not spared. We do not purpose announcing the large undertaking which we already have under way for next year's premium pictures, but we have an announcement to make in connection with our Christmas Number for 1895.

In order to obtain the best possible opportunity for encouraging home talent amongst writers and artists, we offer a prize of fifty dollars for the best short story submitted to us before the 1st of February, the story not to contain less than two thousand five hundred nor more than four thousand words. A second prize of forty dollars will be given for a story of similar length, and a third of thirty dollars, and a fourth prize of twenty dollars; similar conditions being imposed in each case. Writers who have artist friends and who submit an acceptable story acceptably illustrated, will, on winning any of the above prizes, have the amount of the prize doubled in consideration of the illustrations. The sending in of unacceptable drawings will not weigh against a good manuscript.

This book will be distinctively Canadian, and only those resident in Canada will be allowed to win prizes. When the awards are made, the winning manuscripts will be given for illustration to four of the best known Canadian artists, members or associates of the Royal Canadian Academy, Ontario Society of Artists, or Palette Club, men whose names are household words in Canada and whose paintings have won honors not only among us, but in New York, London and Paris. The illustrations to the stories will be prepared in oils, water colors, charcoal, wash, crayon and pen and ink, affording altogether such an indication of the real position of Canada in literature and art as has so far never been afforded the world at large.

Our purpose being what it is, it should therefore appear to those who are our cleverest writers as being to their advantage to enter into this story competition, although the prizes are not so large as are offered in older countries. But the distinguished treatment which the stories will receive and the national character of the undertaking should recommend it to those who watch and wait for the day when genius shall be recognized in this country.

All manuscripts should be typewritten with full name and address of the author on title page. Unsuccessful stories will be returned first week in February if stamps are enclosed. Poor penmanship condemns many a good story. If you have not access to a typewriter get someone to write a clear, readable copy of your manuscript for us. Write the words, "Story Competition" on envelope and send at once if ready. Stories must be original and must not be submitted elsewhere while in our hands.

It is our purpose to see if we cannot in Canada produce for 50 cents a better book than *Figaro* puts out at \$1.50. If we can make the issue clear expenses we are willing to expend our time and trouble for the honors we shall win. If our brainiest and most accomplished writers will put forth their finest efforts, we undertake to do the rest.

The Drama.

It is hardly necessary in order to ensure good business during Christmas week that a specially attractive bill should be presented at the theaters. At Christmas time, of all seasons of the year, a large section of the community look to the houses of entertainment as places where they can appropriately spend some portion of the festive season without taking seriously into account the quality of the performances provided. But by the engagement of Miss Olga Nethersole and a strong support, the patrons of the Grand have been specially favored during the past week. Although Miss Nethersole had not previously appeared before a Toronto audience her name was not altogether unfamiliar, as recently she has been playing to large houses in New York, in which city she appeared for the first time in the character of Camille, the title role of Dumas' five-act play, eliciting a general, if not unanimous, commendation at the hands of the dramatic critics. It was in this play that Miss Nethersole opened her engagement at the Grand on Monday night, and it may be fairly said that whatever opinion may have prevailed elsewhere as to her ability and right to be classed among the foremost actresses of the day, here in Toronto she bounded into public favor, Monday night's audience applauding her enthusiastically and insisting upon the raising of the drop-curtain after each of the several acts. In appearance Miss Nethersole is one of the most lovely women to be found on the stage to-day. This may have had something to do with bringing her into prominence in the earlier days of her

professional career, because it is a characteristic of the English play-goer that he adores a pretty face behind the footlights, but it is the exceptionally high histrionic ability which she possesses that is winning for her a pronounced success. Possibly in some of the characters she is representing on this side of the Atlantic her delineation may not altogether fit in with the ideas of some of her critics, but this may be due to the fact that they too often pin their faith to the way in which some well known actor has created the character, and refuse to give the young performer credit for any originality of conception. To my mind the charm of Miss Nethersole's acting lay in the originality, combined with a most refreshing naturalness, which she displays; and in Camille ample scope is afforded the clever young actress to bring these acquirements into full play. A more admirable impersonation of Camille I can hardly conceive than that which she presented on Monday night; a powerful representation by which, especially when portraying the ecstasies or woes of a woman leading a life of sin, she excited the utmost sympathies of the audience and moved many of those present to tears. The company by whom Miss Nethersole is supported is an all-round good one, and I hope to hear that Manager O. B. Sheppard has arranged for a return visit of an actress of whom Toronto will not have had nearly sufficient when her engagement closes to-night.

Those who visited the Academy this week, attracted by the announcement that an English Christmas pantomime was being produced there, were sadly disappointed. The show was nothing more nor less than an American absurdity—*A Crazy Lot*—written with the view of causing fun, no regard whatever having been paid to story or plot; in fact, the management went so far as to offer a couple of free tickets to any member of the audience who could discover a plot in either of the two acts. The vaudeville artists of which the company was composed had but little opportunity to display whatever ability they possessed. What was supposed to represent an English Christmas pantomime was brought on as the third act of *A Crazy Lot*. It consisted of a miserable apology for a harlequinade, in which Mr. J. R. Adams appeared as clown. Whilst the foolery may have largely served its purpose in exciting the risible faculties of the juvenile members of the audience, it did little more than send the grown people home dissatisfied, to make Canadians enquire what the Englishman could see in Christmas pantomime if that was a specimen of it, and to cause the latter to protest vigorously against the Academy production being regarded, in any shape or form, as a specimen of the pantomime without which Christmas-tide in the old sod would be shorn of much of its festivity.

There have been large houses at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House each evening during the week, and much hearty enjoyment has been secured through an acquaintance with My Aunt Bridget, a most amusing farce-comedy, brimful of ludicrous situations. Mr. George Munroe was responsible for much of the merriment, and the company by which he was supported well sustained the parts allotted to them in a cleverly written and humorous play.

The great hit made by David Christie Murray in his lecture here recently has caused his re-engagement for a series of three lectures in Association Hall. On January 11 he will lecture on Scottish Wit and Humor, with Mr. J. L. Hughes in the chair; January 14, *Ingersoll and the Bible*, with Rev. W. F. Wilson in the chair, and on January 17, *The Poet's Note Book*, Mr. E. E. Sheppard in the chair. Mr. Murray's tilt with Bob Ingersoll is sure to be a capital one, and we may depend on it that the infidel will get such a carving as he has seldom experienced. As an orator Murray is the peer of Ingersoll, and he has all the great, everlasting and beautiful truths on his side.

Mrs. J. C. Smith, Mr. Harry Barker and Miss Lily Evans, the elocutionist, have just returned to Toronto from a series of successful concerts in Western Ontario.

It is pretty definitely understood that Max O'Rell, who so thoroughly delighted all who heard him when here last month, has been secured for another evening in Massey Hall before he sails for Paris.

Among the actresses who have come to America from England there is none equal to Bessie Bonehill in her particular line. Those who have not seen her in her musical success



Miss Bessie Bonehill.

Playmates, should not fail to do so during New Year's week at the Toronto Opera House. We publish a portrait of this bright young lady, and are able to state that she comes this time supported by a stronger company than ever before. There will be a matinee on New Year's Day, and on Thursday and Saturday.

The Christmas Day matinee and evening entertainment in Massey Music Hall, under the auspices of the Queen's Own Rifles and the



On Christmas Eve.

East Toronto Cricket Club, was an unqualified success. It is estimated that three thousand people were present in the evening. Miss Nellie Ganthony was in her best form, as was Miss Jessie Alexander and all the other local celebrities who contributed to the success of the event.

Rice & Barton's Razzle Dazzle company will be the New Year's attraction at the Academy of Music next week.

Lewis Morrison in *Faust* will play all next week at the Grand. The visit of Mr. Morrison is always one of the most interesting events of the whole season in Toronto.

Next week we shall have something to say on Mr. Robert Cuthbert's position in regard to the Drama, as set forth in his Massey Hall lecture on Thursday evening.

Rev. Joseph Cook's lecture in Massey Music Hall last Saturday evening on *The Seven Wonders*, was a learned discourse that found great favor with those capable of following large questions.

Miss Jessie Alexander leaves for New York to-day, where she has engagements occupying the greater portion of January. Upon her return she will contribute to the programme of the Toronto Vocal Society's first concert on January 29.

Mrs. Mountford, who has created during the past season such a favorable impression among all classes in Toronto, is to furnish the choicest item of the New Year's entertainment. She will give as her farewell appearance in the Massey Hall on the evening of January 1, a grand medley spectacle, consisting of the most interesting and picturesque scenes from her various lectures. Nearly forty persons will take part in the performance, and the splendor of the costumes, the eloquence and ability of Mrs. Mountford, coupled with the marvelous interest of these illustrations of Bible life and times, is sure to secure a crowded house. Seats may be reserved at ten, twenty-five or fifty cents.

The Cross in the Selkirks.

IN THE wild loneliness of the Selkirk Mountains, where the winding, picturesque Illiciliwaet River takes its graceful course by many a rugged mountain-foot along a deep, sombre valley, a deserted log cabin, now but a shelter for deer, stands pathetic in its suggestions of the existence, at some time past, of human beings in the awful solitude. A sad story of this deserted home is told by a little wooden cross that stands beside it, within a six-foot square of rough pine palings. On the little cross are inscribed the words that tell of a bereavement that one who dwells amid the comforts and companionships of our Eastern civilization can scarcely fathom the depth of:

"TO MARY AND THE BABY."

Some lonely pioneer left his all beneath that little cross, then, weary of the awful solitude, the unbearable loneliness, went away to some other part of the country, further into the fastnesses of the mountains, to try to forget the once companions of his solitude. Wind and weather have dealt hardly with the little cabin and the rough palings around the grave, but firm and strong stands the cross, telling its pathetic story, recording the end of a once happy home, the blotting out of a home's sunshine, its desertion in the bitterness of an overpowering grief.

Hamilton, Ont.

FIDELE HOLLAND.

The Ashman's Christmas.

The Ashman was old and bent. The wind that blew on his long, ragged whiskers could not blow through, because they were packed tight with fine gray coal-ash. The mark of his trade was all over him. Bits of falling slag and cinder had bruised and scratched his wrinkled old face, and the raw places on his gaunited and mis-shapen knuckles were covered with a gray grime. As he drove home he pulled the reins clumsily and uncertainly, for he had been at work since early morn, and many were the heavy cans and barrels of ashes that he had lifted into his high cart, and emptied in the teeth of the biting blast.

He was weary, indeed, was the old Ashman. By the time he had put up his horse and made the little stable snug for the night, he felt almost too weary to climb to his own little room in the loft and prepare his meagre supper of salt pork and potatoes. However, he nerved himself for the task, and climbed up the ladder to his bleak den, reflecting, as he did so, that his old horse was better lodged than he.

So long had the old Ashman been accustomed to hard work and poor living that it rarely occurred to him to give much consideration to the hardships of his life; but, somehow, on this cold, bitter Christmas eve, he could not help thinking of the difference that Fortune makes in the lives of men. He who could not dare to ask even the humblest of women to share his lot—he, the grimy, wretched old Ashman—sat on his one stool and thought of the beautiful, elegant, fashionably dressed lady, in her magnificent furs, who had spoken to him plying in the morning and had asked him so many questions about himself. What a world they were apart, to be sure! He remembered her name, for she was the wife of a famous millionaire.

Rising with a sigh, to light his tiny fire, his eye fell upon a small package and a letter that were lying on his bed. Though he did not know it, they had been left there an hour before by a liveried servant.

The old Ashman could read, and, after he had held the letter a long time in his hand looking at it, he opened it, and slowly spelled out its contents. This was the letter:

"Dear Mr. Ashman,—I send you a little gift which I am sure you must long have needed, and I hope it will help to make a Merry Christmas for you. Yours very truly,

"MRS. SIXNAUGHTS."

With trembling hands, but with the sparkle of hope in his eye, the old man tore off the wrappings, eager to behold his present. He drew near to the window and examined it in the fast waning daylight. It was a manicure set.—Puck.

How it Happened.

Mrs. McCarthy—Yer wages is ten cents short this mornin', Mike.

McCarthy—Yis, Mary Ann. We had an explosion on Toosday, an' th' foreman docked me fur the time I was in th' air.

Highly Flavored.

Lady—Are you sure this tea is genuine? It has a very peculiar smell!

Dealer—Very possibly; gunpowder, no doubt; they're having war in China just now.—Dorfbartier.

"All the Lime-Kilns Busted."

All the Italian whocame to Rockland last summer had never seen snow and a recent storm was a great surprise. Looking out of his window and noticing some of the snow on the walk, he cried out:

"I guess one of the lime-kilns is busted." And then seeing snow everywhere he said: "All the lime-kilns must have busted."—Kennebec Journal.

The Imprisoned Soul.

For Saturday Night.

Within a stately room I stood,
And heard a mighty choral throng,
Whose singing stirred my sluggish blood,
As all their voices rolled in song.
High to the skies they seemed to soar,
But when the singing reached its end,
My soul cried, "Break my prison's door,
And all their notes I will transcend."

I heard the silvery voice of one,
Who ruled ten thousand with his tongue
It seemed each heart his pleading won,
A hundred plaudits thundering rung,
And when he thrilled his hearers best,
My soul's voice, groaning, cried to me,
"I'd kindle fires in every breast,
If I were from my prison free."

Then the sweet warblings of a bird,
Drowned by the deep voice of the blast,
My soul within its prison heard,
And trembled as the sounds swept past.
Ah, in that prison there was woe,
"For," spoke my soul in agony,
"A million lofter tones I know,
Oh, let me range their heights or die."

But, ah, I knew my soaring soul
Was doomed within its cell to die,
That it would never reach its goal,
Rising in rapture to the sky.
Then, falling prostrate on the ground,
Strange visions o'er me seemed to roll,
I slumbered, dreamed, but all around
Boared the loud blast and louder soul.

High rose the blast, but higher still,
The fury of my soul arose;
It spoke once more, and with that will
Which knows no overcoming foe.
"I will not bear," it cried, "the doom,
That master shall enslave the mind;
If song, and voice, and notes have room,
The soul shall not remain confined."

The voice grew silent, and there came
Upon my ears a breaking sound
That, jarring, shook my mortal frame,
And slowly rolled along the ground.
But calmness quickly stilled my pain,
For, on my ears a melody
Came stealing soft, then rose to reign,
My soul was from its prison free.

December 10, 1894. ALBERT R. J. F. HARRARD

A Whisper of a Spirit.

For Saturday Night.

Methought I slept, and as I slept I dreamed;
A dream distinct and vivid as reality;
Typical of my own sad life it seemed,
Brightened by visions of pure idealty.
Helpless my tiny bark down the stream of life,
Yet guided by the pilot's hand unseen,
Unharm'd o'er rocks, through shoals and dangers rife,
Helpless and yet secure; alone and yet serene.
And so onward carried by the gentle tide,
A fair bright vision broke upon my sight,
The purest attributes of Heaven personified,
Radiant with beams of bright celestial light.
And as my tiny bark in onward borne,
For on the stream of life for naught we stay,
One smile of sympathy, bright as the morn,
Falls like a sunbeam on my lonely way.
And though my onward course I must pursue,
Though clouds may gather, perils may increase,
That smile shall ever hope and joy renew,
Harbinger of a bright Eternity of bliss.

Montreal, Dec. 16, 1894. C. D. CLIFFE.

When Love is Dead.

For Saturday Night.

Life puts on her ornaments,
Fades the flowers overhead,
Gone are the world's endearments
Now that Love is dead.
Life is dull and sad and lonely,
All her former joy is fled,
Nothing says she, sobbing only,
Now that Love is dead.
O'er Love's grave the flowers are straying,
Graceful blossoms, white and red,
While life's lips pray for a saying
Now that Love is dead.
Life takes up her daily duties,
Walks her path with noiseless tread,
Ah! but life has lost her beauties
Now that Love is dead.

Toronto, December 9, 1894. J. TAYLOR BURNES.

Gates of Paradise.

For Saturday Night.

No vile contaminations can estrange
Forever from their great original,
These souls of ours that do have marr'd and stain'd;
Do what they will and wander where they may
These sparks immortal still through all retain
The essence and the breath of the divine.
That part of God that dwells within us burns
Is of our destiny the guiding star,
When light serene and fires ineffable
Shall spread and overcome the loathsome clouds
And canker'd evilings of sin until
Its purgatorial fires drive forth the dross,
And leave the gold so pure that angel hands
May bear it into gates of paradise.

EMMETT E. LEIGH.

A Little Bit of a Boy.

There was never a smile in a weary while
And never a gleam of joy,
Till his eyes of light made the whole world bright—
A little bit of a boy!
He came one day when the world was May,
And thrilling with life and joy,
And with all the roses he seemed to play—
A little bit of a boy!
But he played his part with a human heart,
And time can never destroy
The memory sweet of the paltering feet
Of that little bit of a boy!

We wondered how he could play all day
With never a gleam of rest;
But once he crept in the dark and slept
Still on his mother's breast!

There was never a smile in a weary while
And never a gleam of joy;
But the world seems dim since we dreamed of him—
A little bit of a boy!

—Frank L. Stanton in *Songs of the Soul*.

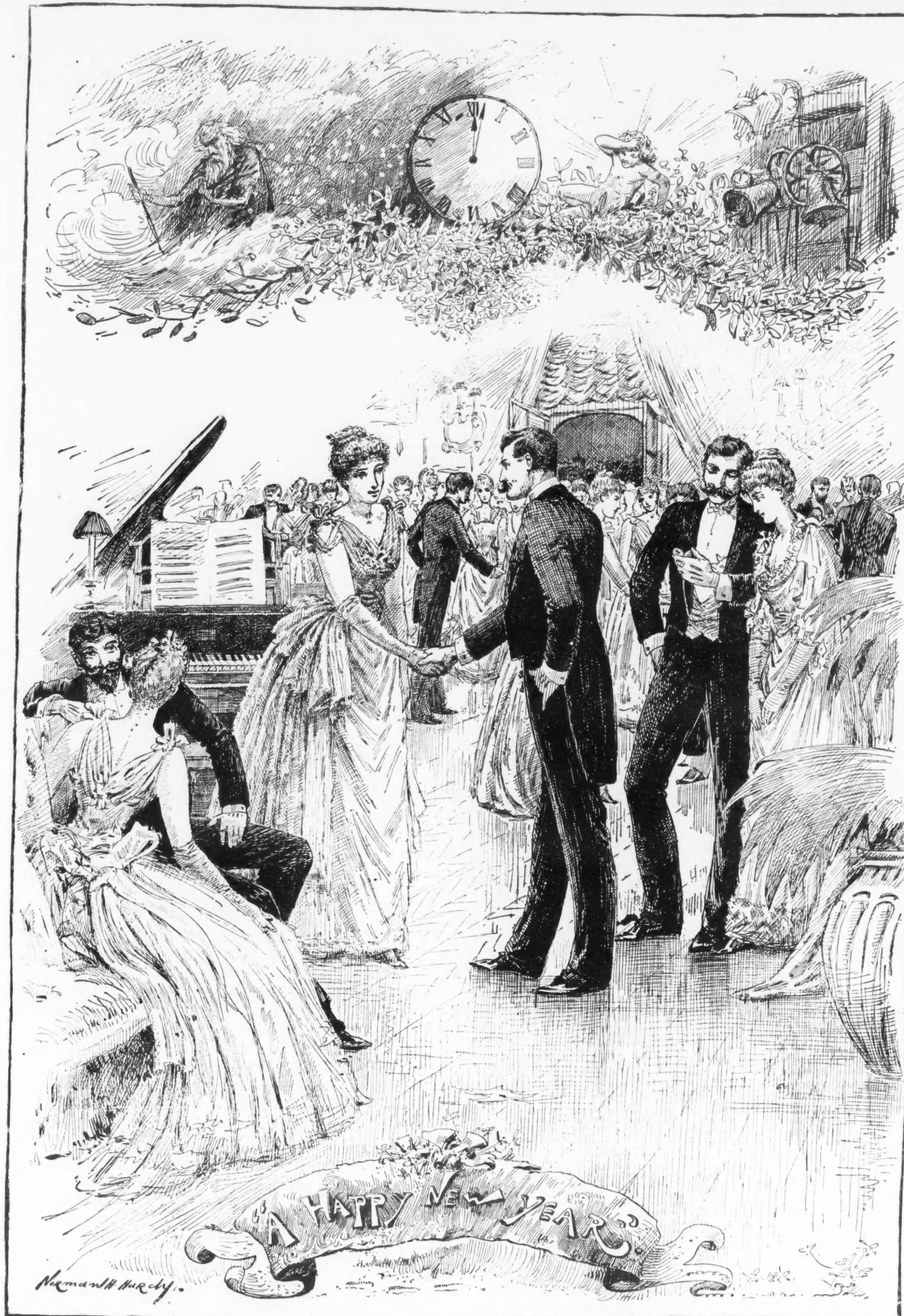
Editor—Who was Galileo? Reporter—Wasn't he a writer on space?

"I don't want people to think I'm marrying him for his money." "Then don't marry him."

Customer—What have you in the shape of oranges? Grocer—Well, we have base-balls.

"Must I," he whispered, "ask your mamma first?" She shook her head. "No," she answered, "you did right to ask me first. I am entitled to that handicap on account of my being a widow."

In the toy shop: Salesman—Here is a thing that parents are giving their children. Little savings banks like this encourage them to store up their pennies. Cohenstein (inspecting it closely)—Does it pay interest?



Our Philippa Abroad.

"Oh my!" said the School-girl, drawing in her skirts. We were in a 'bus, I may mention, and it was raining. I followed the direction of the School-girl's eyes and beheld a large pair of bare feet. It looked cold and I shivered sympathetically. The fat, smiling face above, however, challenged no pity. The shaven head nodded complacently over a book, the substantial waist was girded about with rope. He was one of the monks of the Annunciate (a little chapel perched on a hill a thousand feet high) and a jolly, cheery one at that. What a harmless, happy, wasted life they live up there above the trouble and crush and sordid misery which rages below! They are like nice old specimens of china, tucked up out of the way, rather precious, very picturesque and wholly useless. I wish we could sit peacefully on a shelf like that and watch the rest of the crockery smashing itself to bits below. Everyone goes up to the chapel of course, partly because the view is so beautiful, and partly because the walls of the little building are decorated with truly remarkable and unrivaled works of art. These are original illustrations of shipwrecks and accidents of all descriptions from which the contributors have miraculously escaped. One I took to be a semi-submerged island, peopled with agitated apes, who were snarling over a heap of bones. They told me, however, that there were no apes, and that the picture represented the deck of a ship from whose mast a sailor had just been tossed, and the other things were his comrades rejoicing at his preservation. A mud-colored haystack with a couple of antediluvian quadrupeds sitting in a pool of porridge was intended to portray a fearful carriage accident, and a smiling infant descending from a neatly constructed window about the size of its fist, while its mother danced a military in the coal-hole below, meant that the same infant had recovered after a tumble from a three pair back. I was glad to know what these things meant, because without a translation there didn't seem to be any reason for them.

Far be it from me, however, to ridicule the simple gratitude of these peasants and fisher folk, even though it take this form of expression. These paintings are the work of loving, toil-hardened hands, unaccustomed enough, Heaven knows, to lighter implement than hoe or oar, but that they are funny there's no denying.

The death of the Duke of Sax Weimar caused quite a little stir in the town, and a mourning procession was held to do him honor. He died at the great hotel at Cap Martin, a couple of miles from here. After the body had been conveyed to the station I got a peep at some of the family who were leaving the hotel. They were all, of course, in deepest mourning and whirled by shrouded in long crape veils, almost before I had grasped the fact of their identity.

The incident reminded me of a similar occasion, when the School-girl and I viewed certain ladies of a royal house, and the aforementioned School-girl was heard to grunt, "Why, they're just the same as anybody else, only a little worse." This sounded rather sweeping, but I knew what she meant, and it had reference to the apparent disregard of fashion and style which is too often evinced in high places. I believe, with Mr. Ruskin, that it is one of the first duties of woman to dress well. As someone somewhere says, "Women are the flowers of the earth and are meant to show it up." This is very pretty and poetical, no doubt, but it invites a dissertation on a rather hackneyed subject, into which I don't intend to be led; but I would repeat that, as long as moneyed and titled society women walk this planet looking like second-hand clearing-sale advertisements, they are neglecting one of the elementary essentials of perfect womanhood. Thank goodness our side of the water is comparatively innocent of this failing! The best dressed woman I have as yet seen in Mentone has been a Chicago lady, who is a refreshing spectacle after the clodhopping boots and hideously serviceable garments of Lady F— and the Countess B—.

There is one great fault to find with Mentone, perfect as it is in almost every respect. There are absolutely no means of making excursions by sea. There are no steamers, no sail-boats, no skiffs. Why doesn't some enterprising individual open a boat club? True, the sea is often too rough for such purposes, but there are many glorious mornings when people would be glad to spend an hour or two on the water or take a trip to Monaco or Bordighera. I am fortunate enough to have the use of the only canoe in the place, and when I grasp my beloved paddle and skim out across the bay to meet the returning fishermen, in their red caps and bright sashes, I wonder how anybody can be content to stay ashore and whether I couldn't organize a few of Jim Pinkerton's excursions and have a band, and a picnic, and champagne, and then the canoe gives an aggressive wabble and reminds me that I am only

PHILIPPA.

Between You and Me.

THE other day I tried a shop door and found it locked, and glancing at a small card in the window I read "Stock-taking." No one could get in, no one could buy. The outer world was shut away from the little shop, no matter how much it had to spend nor how likely it was to buy. And in a day or two I came again and saw a great display of merchandise and the door open wide, and in the window a great placard, "Everything marked down." "Things at half cost price." One sees such things every season, but I don't think they ever struck right home to me before. There are few of us, outside of trades people, who take stock, but every one of us who neglects doing so is losing where one should not. Let us try it; pull down the blinds, lock the doors, put our little card up, "Stock-taking," and set honestly at it. First the staples; are we full-stocked? Don't we need a little more truth that is warranted to wash, and charity a full yard wide, and sincerity that is all wool and fast-colored? Are we quite furnished in the laces of courtesy and gentle ribbons of persuasion? Seems to me, sometimes, we let this counter get nearly sold out! And how are we off for veils of modesty and refinement and shoes that will tread lightly on other folks' corns? There seem only a few of these left! And those damaged goods! See, there is a line of fine shades of self-respect that have

been too much in the window. They are a trifle faded and we shall lose on them. And there are those out-of-date styles, our prejudice lot, you know, that we are sick of carrying over; let us chuck them into a bargain basket to bring little or nothing. And those mantles of charity, aren't they moth-eaten? We shall have to let them go below cost and get a new line. And our vanity fancy stock is tarnished and our feathers of pride are all out of curl, and we sit almost despairing in the midst of our literature. What a ghastly lot of trash we have accumulated in job lots! We may as well offer them as premiums for our New Year trade; they are not worth selling!

After the merchant knows what he has in stock, I understand the next step is to add its value to the year's earnings and compare the total with that obtained last year after stock-taking. One allows a certain amount for wear and tear (one is a year older!) and then one knows whether one has done a good year's work or not. This is the last straw which breaks the camel's back! There have been losses, a fire of affliction and a rain of tears have more or less damaged a lot of lovely things. That was a dead loss. A great run has been upon the staples and every yard brought in its modest little gain. People will have the best and if you keep the best you'll never lose on your stock. That yard-wide charity could scarcely be cut off fast enough at times, and buyers have ceased to

enquire about the composition of the true-blue sincerity goods; they say nothing they ever had from you has worn so well. But you wiggle uneasily as you remember the price you paid for those tarnished things on the vanity counter, and when you count up the cost of the prejudice lots, broad in the brim and tied over the ears till people who were fool enough to buy them could neither see nor hear and railed at your stupidly bad taste, you rush at the absurd trumpery and kick it into a dark corner. If you have proper sense you make a nice bright bonfire of the whole lot.

Somebody wants to know what number of the New Science Review I found that helpful article in, which I mentioned a few weeks ago. It was in the October number, I suppose, as the Review is a quarterly, and I had just read it when I wrote about it. I think only two numbers of the quarterly have been published.

I should like to wish my paper friends a Happy New Year, that is, if they want it. Some people enjoy being miserable so much that it seems a pity to put a spoke in the wheel of their Juggernaut car. But there are a good many who want a happy new year, who are not willing to work for it. In one way or another happiness is to be had for the striving—the highest courage, the firmest faith and the purest motive are its triple parts. I wish you each, dear people, these three. Won't you

happily say, in the old-fashioned and hearty way of the unspoiled, "The same to ye, and more!"

LADY GAY.

She Made Her Choice.

The burglar's wife was in the witness-box, and the prosecuting attorney was conducting a vigorous cross-examination.

"Madam, you are the wife of this man?"

"Yes."

"You knew he was a burglar when you married him?"

"Yes."

"How did you come to contract a matrimonial alliance with such a man?"

"Well," the witness said sarcastically, "I was getting old, and had to choose between a lawyer and a burglar."

The cross-examination ended there.

An Expert.

Fair Sufferer—Doctor, are corns always caused by wearing shoes that are too tight? Chiropodist—Not always, ma'am. That's what causes 'em in the case of your friend, Miss Biggins, across the way. Her feet was made to fit a number 5 shoe, and she's a-trying to crowd 'em into a number 4. Yours, ma'am, is produced by wearing too large a shoe, which makes wrinkles in the leather and causes friction against the cuticle.—Chicago Tribune.

Caller—Wonder if I can see your mother, little boy? Is she engaged? Little Boy—Engaged? Whatcher givin' us? She's married.

The Count (showing visitor through his castle)—That first room was furnished with the spoil of a battle in Spain. The next with the booty secured after a siege in Flanders. Here is the Turkish room. One of my ancestors brought all these things back after a campaign in the East. Visitor—I notice that the furniture in this room is antique French. The Count—Another ancestor obtained that. He sacked a palace in Normandy. Visitor—You have also, I see, a large amount of expensive furniture which is decidedly modern. The Count—Yes, I bagged an American heiress.

Calamity Orator—Now I want some intelligent workman to stand up here and answer me one question—(Stout man gets up). Calamity Orator—Now, sir, please tell me, in the presence of this audience, why you don't have more work. Speak out! Let the people hear! Workman—Because I have to sleep!

The train was full of fierce robbers. Strong men sat in the seats of the cars and held their hands as high as possible. Women trembled and wept, with the exception of the spectacled young woman from Wayside Station. A robber approached her. "Don't you dare to touch me," she shouted, "or I'll scream as loud as I can!"

Friend—Does Arthur smoke? Sweet Girl—No; he never smoked in his life, and he has promised that if I marry him he will never learn. Isn't he noble?

Short Stories Retold.

Dr. Elvey, in his recently published memoirs, tells the story that, on one occasion, when the service had been changed to please some visitors, the organ-blower, much offended, said, "You can play Rogers in D if you like, but I shall blow Attwood in C."

The umbrella of a Catholic penitent was stolen while she was at confession. She went with the story to Cardinal Wiseman, hoping probably to obtain compensation. The only consolation she got from the Cardinal was this: "My child, I am sorry for you; but the Scripture tells us to watch as well as to pray."

"When I was a young man," Palmerston used to say, "the Duke of Wellington made an appointment with me at half-past seven in the morning, and I was asked, 'Why, Palmerston, how will you contrive to keep that engagement?' 'Oh, I said, 'of course, the easiest thing in the world. I shall keep it the last thing before I go to bed!'"

The director of a Chicago bank tells about how his wife overdraw her account at the bank last month. "I spoke to her about it one evening," says he, "and told her she ought to adjust it at once. A day or two afterward, I asked her if she had done what I suggested. 'Oh, yes,' she answered, 'I attended to that matter the very next morning after you spoke to me about it. I sent the bank my check for the amount I had overdrawn!'"

A proposal having been made in London that boxes should be erected in public thoroughfares for the reception of orange peel and matches, recalls the story told of a young gentleman of excellent principles walking with an eminent surgeon. As they neared his house the lad kicked away a piece of orange peel that lay on the pavement into the road. The surgeon said, "My dear boy, what are you about?" and replaced it exactly opposite his own door.

After the death of George Canning, the English statesman, there was erected to his memory a bronze statue of heroic size, with that green incrustation known as verd-antique. One day Judge Taunton, coming out of Westminster Hall with Thesiger, the able lawyer, paused before the statue and began criticizing it. He found fault with the likeness, and then, with emphasis, said: "Besides, Canning was not so tall!" "No, nor so green," retorted the lawyer.

The late Father Healy used to complain that it was sometimes a painful duty to live up to the character of a wit. One night, when tired, he sighed and groaned to think that his carman expected a joke of him. But he was kind, and would not refuse the first chance of contenting the man. A donkey brayed and Father Healy said, across the cart: "Well, do you hear your brother calling you, Thomas?" Quick came the response: "Indeed an' I do, father," with tremendous emphasis on the father.

Biquon, the Paris restaurateur, acquired a large fortune, and his wife carried on the business after his death. It is of this time that the story is told of a poor journalist who was seen in the restaurant eating a small plate of strawberries at a season when the fruit was so expensive as to be an extravagance even for the rich. An acquaintance saw the wretched penny-a-liner and smiled significantly. "Yes," said the journalist, "I know I shall have to pay ten francs for these, but the sight of that woman at the counter, who is worth two millions, picking over strawberries for me, who haven't got three louis in the world, gives me such an amount of satisfaction that the berries are worth it."

Edison says that he discovered the phonograph by the merest accident. "I was singing to the mouthpiece of a telephone, when the vibrations of the voice sent the fine steel point into my finger. That set me to thinking. If I could record the actions of the point and send the point over the same surface afterward, I saw no reason why the thing would not talk. I tried the experiment first on a strip of telegraph paper, and found that the point made an alphabet. I shouted the words 'Hallo! Hallo! Hallo!' in return. I determined to make a machine that would work accurately, and gave my assistants instructions, telling them what I had discovered. They laughed at me. That's the whole story. The phonograph is the result of the pricking of a finger."

A bishop of Salisbury is credited with having persuaded one of his clergy to perform the last rites he had obstinately refused to a Calvinist. "There are none but Church of England people in my churchyard," he had said, "and never shall be," by the narration of a personal experience. "When curate of a church in Thames street, I was burying a corpse, when a woman came and pulled me by the sleeve in the middle of the service. 'Sir, I want to speak to you, and immediately. I cannot wait till you have done' (for I had naturally remonstrated at the interruption) 'or it will be too late. You are burying a man who died of the smallpox next my husband, who never had it.' The application of the story was understood, and had the desired effect, but it was told so long ago that it seems to be forgotten."

In an intricate case where Daniel O'Connell, then a young man, had been made junior counsel, the question was that of the validity of a will. The instrument was drawn up in proper form, and the witnesses swore that it had been legally executed. One of them, an old servant, had already sworn that he saw the deceased sign the will. "Yes," he continued, "I saw him sign it, and sure there was life in him at the time." This expression was repeated so frequently that O'Connell was led to believe that it had some peculiar meaning. He fixed his eyes upon the old man and said gravely, "You have taken a solemn oath, before God and man, to speak the truth and the whole truth. The eye of God is upon you. The eyes of your neighbors are fixed upon you also. Answer me, by the virtue of that sacred and solemn oath which has passed your lips, was the testator alive when he signed the will?" The witness was struck by this solemn manner of address. His lips quivered, his limbs trembled and he faltered out the reply, "There was



Santa Claus up to date.

life in him!" The question was repeated in a yet more impressive manner. Again he trembled and stammered forth his stock phrase. Finally, by dint of clever leading and suggestion, O'Connell drew from him the fact that a pen had been placed in the dead man's hand, and the legate himself had guided it and traced the signature. But to meet the exigency of legal questioning, a living fly had been placed in the dead man's mouth. Thus there was "life in him" at the time!

First and Last.

They sat together, hand in hand;
The sunset flickered low;
The fickle sea crept up the strand
And caught the after-glow.

He sang a song, a little song,
No other poet knew;
And she looked up and thought him strong,
Looked down and dreamed him true.

The fickle sea crept up the strand,
And laughed a wanton laugh—
Took up the song the poet planned,
And sang the other half.

Times change; the two went diverse ways,
The evening shades increase
O'er him, grown old in fame and praise,
And her in household peace.

The echo of the false sweet words
He spoke so long ago
Has passed as pass the summer birds
Before the winter snow.

But as to-night the angel's hand
Loosens the silver cord,
And calls her to that other land
Of love's supreme reward,

She hears but one sound, silent long,
A whisper soft and low—
The echo of that false sweet song
He sang so long ago.

—Darton Grey.

A Condensed Novel.

SHIPS THAT PASSED IN THE MORNING.

THE Disagreeable Man sat at the breakfast table, calmly reading his paper. He had often sat there before, so he sat there now. Bernadine entered the room with a very composed mien. She always carried it with her, it was so cheap and becoming. She sat down beside the Disagreeable Man and immediately began to eat fried potatoes.

The Disagreeable Man looked at her in surprise; she was a strange being. Most people he had noticed began their breakfast by eating porridge. He was interested. She was different from other women. He would study her. "Pass me the pepper, please," Bernadine said calmly to the Disagreeable Man. He did so in still greater surprise. No one had ever asked him to do that before.

"Don't you know it's wrong to eat so much pepper?" he growled.

"Not for me," was the calm reply. "I have a philosophy of life."

The Disagreeable Man became lost in thought; so lost, in fact, that he couldn't find himself.

"What do you mean?" presently he asked in a huff.

"Just what I say," was the cool response.

So the Disagreeable Man passed Bernadine some more pepper, and she began to thaw.

The Disagreeable Man's noble frankness pleased her. No other man had ever told her pepper was bad for her. His thoughtfulness warmed her heart.

Poor Bernadine—for she was poor. Twenty-five cents in cash was all she could call her own when breakfast was paid for. She sized up the Disagreeable Man and she decided he would do. He was well dressed. He likely had some cash. She would marry him.

The Disagreeable Man sat and watched Bernadine eating her highly peppered potatoes, with a strange feeling in the region of his heart.

"Is it love?" he wondered, "or is it only indigestion?"

He never remembered having felt it before; perhaps it was love.

So the Disagreeable Man sat ruminating with a frowning brow, and Bernadine busily plied her knife and fork. She was bound to have the worth of her money.

She got it, and more too. Just then a fish-bone stuck in her throat. It was a fatal fish-bone.

A few thumps on the back; a few gasps and gurgles and all was over.

So Bernadine died, that strangely gifted young being, taken off in the prime of life. (She was only 35.)

And the Disagreeable Man grumbles and grows through life, with that unsolved problem still seething in his brain.

Was that strange, that inexplicable feeling felt on that never-to-be-forgotten morning, love? or was it indigestion?

St. Thomas, Ont. JOHN HAMPTON.

Puzzle



Which of these men wants to borrow ten dollars?—Judge.

A Great Canadian Wine Firm.

Canada has made great strides in wine-making since 1866. At that date little thought was given to the manufacture of wines in Canada. Its climate was considered too cold and unfit for vine-growing. In that year a company of gentlemen from Kentucky, who had been engaged in vine-growing in that state, feeling sore over the results of the war, learned of the mild and salubrious climate of Pelee Island, in Canadian territory, only six miles north of Kelly's Island, then considered the home of the Catawba grape, removed to that island and established the first grape vineyard in Canada. Five years afterward Captain J. S. Hamilton of Brantford, took an interest in the company, and through his tact and push, combined with the high class of wines manufactured, made Pelee Island wines a household word throughout the Dominion of Canada. They are to be found on the wine list of every first-class hotel from Halifax in the east to Vancouver in the west. In 1889 the Pelee Island Wine and Vineyards Co., limited, was established, and Captain Hamilton was elected president. He still holds that position, practically controlling the stock, and the company's brands of dry and sweet Catawbas, St. Augustine, Isabella and claret, are creditable alike to the company and Canada. The company's special claret, now on the market, is a wine of 1891 vintage, known as "Chateau Pelee Medoc," has a large sale in Canada, and can be obtained from leading wine merchants everywhere in Ontario at \$3.75 a case. In the Lower Provinces, where E. G. Scovill of St. John, N.B., has the agency, one dollar a case is added to pay freight charges. In 1891 a brandy distillery was established on the island, and is now being put on the market under the brand, "J. S. Hamilton & Co., Cognac." The purity and high quality of the brandy already commands an extensive sale, and connoisseurs state that few French brandies equal it in quality.

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How Cod Liver Oil was discovered is not definitely known. It is certain, however, that up in the cold regions of the north the natives long ago made use of all parts of the fish they caught, that could possibly be made available for food, and it is probable that the Lapps of Northern Norway have known the virtues of Cod Liver Oil for a century. They found that in Cod Liver Oil were nourishing powers not possessed by any other food or medicine within their reach, and they were not slow to avail themselves of the benefits of a substance so easy for them to obtain.

About fifty years ago, the medical world in civilized countries became impressed with Cod Liver Oil, and by close observation and experiment, physicians found that Cod Liver Oil could be made a wonderful help to their profession. The result of investigation proved that after Cod Liver Oil was taken into the system it became an emulsion, just as milk is an emulsion of butter. This knowledge resulted twenty years ago in the appearance of Scott's Emulsion, which has now become a world-famed preparation.

Scott's Emulsion has taken the place of Cod Liver Oil, that is in its raw state. Scott's Emulsion and Cod Liver Oil are of course one and the same thing, except that in Scott's Emulsion the state of the oil is completely disguised and all of the objections advanced by a nervous person with a weak stomach are entirely overcome. Scott's Emulsion saves the digestive organs the work of converting the oil into an emulsion, but it does not result in any unnatural process of digestion and assimilation.

Scott's Emulsion aids the digestion of other foods in the stomach, and is then passed on and assimilated in the natural way. Anything which is either digested or assimilated in an unnatural manner should be taken only on a doctor's prescription.

The endorsement by physicians of Scott's Emulsion is no bombast or buncombe. In all diseases or unhealthy conditions indicated by excessive wasting, Scott's Emulsion aids medical science more than any other nourishment. Scott's Emulsion helps a dyspeptic person by aiding the digestion of other foods, and to a person who is failing in health it gives increased appetite and promotes the making of solid flesh and gives vital strength. It enriches the blood, makes new lung-tissue and overcomes all wasting tendencies.

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It is almost useless to refer to Scott's Emulsion as a nourishment for babies and children. Its name is a household word in the homes of thousands of families where there have been thin babies and children who were thin and pale. Babies and children thrive on Scott's Emulsion. It insures a healthy growth. Scott's Emulsion is for sale by all druggists at 50c. and \$1. Pamphlet mailed free on application to Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

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Experience will convince her that it PAYS to use this soap.

Our Weekly Original Story

A Close Call.

MY FRIEND pressed me to spend a night or two at his ranch before I returned east.

"I want you to see my wife and children, and the best stock farm of its size this side of St. Louis," he urged. "Morgan's is only half a day's run by rail from here, and I'll meet you there with a broncho. Nonsense, you tenderfooted Canuck! Gentle as a lamb. No! Well, we can buckboard it the twenty miles. Only you'll not fail to come!"

I assured him I welcomed the opportunity of renewing our friendship after all these years, and I accordingly arranged a day when he should meet me at Morgan's.

I had stumbled across my old friend McDermott in Kansas City, where I had been detained on business through two long weeks of sweltering July weather, and I was delighted at the prospect of a run into the country, if it were only to enjoy some of those fresh prairie breezes after the stifling air of the city. Tom was an old Ontario boy, whom I had not seen since he had emigrated west in the early seventies. At first he had drifted from State to State without apparently caring to settle in any one place permanently, but having married he had finally taken a ranch in Kansas some fifteen years before, and from all accounts was now on the high road to prosperity. He had early commanded the confidence and respect of his neighbors, and with his large muscular frame, his fearless bearing, and the coolness he invariably displayed in the face of danger, it seemed peculiarly fitting that he should have been made sheriff of his county, situated as it was in a part of the State at that time noted for, and, I believe, not even yet entirely free from, a certain lawless border element. He had held the office for several succeeding terms, but his ambition was now reaching out for higher honors, and he confided to me during the long, hot drive from Morgan's that he was then figuring on the State nomination from his district, with the odds strongly in his favor. That, however, has nothing to do with this tale.

One is not in the West many days before he learns that the term "ranch" is applied indiscriminately to every form of real estate, from a chicken farm to a cow pasture; but Tom's broad acres of rolling prairie, covered as far as the eye could see to the west with a dark green waving mass of corn, of astonishing height in some places, his grazing land to the north dotted with cattle, his large modern barn; and not far from the high road in front, his neat frame dwelling surrounded by a vine-covered veranda, realized in every way my conception of a ranch properly so called. Here, after a warm greeting from Tom's wife and family, I was at once made to feel thoroughly at home, and had it not been for a slight disappointment I experienced in finding those fresh prairie breezes prove a delusion, for that day at least, there was nothing to cast a shadow on what promised to be a charming visit with my friends.

A hot, sultry evening succeeding the heat of the day—splendid corn-growing weather Tom explained. After supper he and I sprawled ourselves on the veranda and tried to lose nothing of a faint breath of air that stirred occasionally, now coming in little warm puffs, and again fanning our faces for a few seconds together. Here, careless and with our heels in the air, we sat and smoked far into the night, while Tom regaled me with some chapters from his Western life. In the earlier days he had through necessity associated himself with the county vigilantes, and as a member of that body had on more than one occasion helped run down and deal out swift Western justice to horse-thieves and other rascals who preyed on the ranchers. As sheriff, he had since waged a vigorous warfare on this class, making the country too hot for most of them, and it was now a long time since the services of the Committee of Safety had been required. Certainly this shrewdly was no sinecure. I thought as he related some of his experiences in discharging the duties of an office in which any single year furnished more thrilling incidents and hair-breadth escapes than would serve to satisfy for a lifetime the average citizen's craving for danger and excitement. I had heard something before, and I now made him detail to me his encounter with the notorious 'Regan boys,' who had paid his county a visit two years before. Tom had single-handed held off three of the leaders of that desperate gang of murderers and train robbers, long the terror of the community, and after a struggle in which he had been partially disabled had captured two of them alive; the third, 'Pinkie' Regan, though badly hit, had managed to escape and was still at large. 'Pinkie' had subsequently coolly written Tom that he intended to get even with him if he had to wait ten years for a chance, a threat that apparently had not given Tom many sleepless nights, as he was of the opinion that the chances were against 'Pinkie' living for half that period if he stuck to his trade. At least he wouldn't have recommended 'Pinkie' as a safe insurance risk.

"By the way, that reminds me," he said, as we were about to retire, "my deputy says he understands that Regan has been seen in this locality lately. I hope it's true. I'd like nothing better than to get a cinch on him somehow. There's a large reward. Good night."

To reach my apartment I had to pass through Tom's room, into which it opened, both rooms being on the ground floor. Mine, in the extreme west end of the house, was lighted by a single window, while Tom's opened on to the veranda by French windows. His wife, with the younger children, slept in a room to the rear of and immediately adjoining her husband's. I remember it seemed vain to attempt to sleep in that sultry atmosphere, but after tossing restlessly about for some time I eventually dozed off and dropped into an uneasy, disturbed slumber. I had slept for perhaps two hours, when I suddenly found myself wide awake, with eyes staring into the darkness, with every nerve tense and straining, every faculty aroused and my mind possessed by an appalling conviction that some

frightful calamity had happened or some terrible crime been committed in my immediate vicinity. For a few moments, that seemed ages, I lay motionless and rigid, straining my hearing to catch the slightest sound. The stillness was deadly, save when some insect outside the window shrilled a piercing, jerky note at intervals. Presently, apparently in one of the adjoining rooms, I heard the sound of heavy blows delivered in rapid succession, a muffled thud! thud! thud! and then silence. It flashed on me at once that a fiendish murder was being done in the house. Those awful blows were battering out the life of my friend and his family. It was Regan carrying out his threat of vengeance at last, with a cowardly malignance unusual in the West. My turn would come next, no doubt. At the thought a cold perspiration broke out on me, and I was aware of a singular sensation at the roots of my hair, which began literally to rise upright in sections, beginning at the lower edge and working upwards to the crown of my head. My mind seemed wonderfully alert and active, and I remember distinctly noting these details during those terrible moments, but my limbs were strangely numb and powerless, and I could only lie still and wonder what would next happen. Just then the same muffled sound of blows, thud! thud! thud! thud! was repeated, more prolonged than before, and accompanied by what sounded like a struggle on the bed in Tom's room, followed by the fall of a heavy body on the floor, and then for a moment silence again.

Presently I heard the movement of stealthy footsteps, apparently approaching my door, a match being struck, and the sharp metallic clicking of some instrument.

"My turn now," I thought; but at that moment my instinct of self-preservation revived in me, and with a supreme effort of my will I burst through the deadly numbness that enshrouded my limbs, and I felt my strength return with a rush. Springing out of bed I grasped my revolver, which I had always carried with me since coming west, but had never before had occasion to use, cocked it, and stood in the middle of the floor and listened, prepared to sell my life as dearly as possible. Hearing no further movement, and the suspense becoming unbearable, I tip-toed softly to the door, opened it gently and peered into Tom's room. There in the middle of the room, stooping over a lighted lantern with his back to me and his head covered by a black slouch hat, was the figure of a man I did not recognize. Taking a rapid aim I was pressing the trigger to fire, when the man turned slightly, showing me his profile against the light. My arm dropped powerless by my side and I stood trembling like an aspen.

"Heavens! Tom, is it you?" I gasped.

"Why, yes, man, but what's wrong? You look badly scared."

"I thought—I thought someone had got in. That noise I heard—" I said, making a feeble attempt to smile.

"Oh, it's too bad you were disturbed. That's my English mare. She's broken loose in the stable and is kicking the stall to pieces. There she goes again. Listen! I'm going out to attend to her."

I realized that I had in part been the victim of a hideous—yes, nightmare, and, much ashamed of myself, though relieved beyond expression, I meekly crawled back into bed and slept for five hours without turning a hair.

I never told Tom my actual experience that night nor how near I came to putting an end to him. "Pinkie" Regan was afterwards, I heard, lynched in Oklahoma, and Tom now occupies a seat in the Legislature of his State, Toronto.

F. C.

The First Whiff—Tiff.



"By the way, Edwin, I should perhaps have told you that I really cannot endure tobacco." "All the better, darling. My views are not advanced, and though I smoke a good deal myself, I would never desire that you should. You need therefore give yourself no anxiety about the fact that tobacco does not agree with you."—Judge.

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Poor Charles!

Madge—I've bought all the Christmas presents I intend to make this year. Here's the lovely watch-chain I spoke to you about. It cost so much more than I expected that the other gifts had to be mere trifles.

Dolly—I didn't know Howard wore a watch-chain.

Madge—Howard! Why, my dear, the best present is for Charles.

Dolly—You're joking. You surely don't mean to give that flint your best present?

Madge—Well, I did hear he flirited dreadfully with all the girls last summer. Do you think it was true?

Dolly—True? Of course it was. He was never engaged to less than three at the same time.

Madge—That wasn't very nice of him. I guess, after all, I'll give him the box of handkerchiefs instead.

Dolly—If I were you I wouldn't give him even that. He never cared anything for you when there were other girls around.

Madge—He has been careless of me at times, but I always supposed it was his thoughtless way. But you are always right, my dear. Let me see, I'll just give him the match-box.

Dolly—You are a very forgiving nature. If a man always took me in a street-car when he could afford a carriage for other girls—

Madge—He did do that, didn't he? The mean thing! I'll just give him this old necktie.

Dolly—Well, suit yourself. I see you still care for him. But I can tell you he doesn't care the least little bit for you. A lot of us were looking over Tessie's album the other day, and when we came to your picture he said that you had been having photographs struck off the same old negative for the last ten years.

Madge—The brute! I'm so glad you told me this, my dear. I wouldn't give him as much as a kiss now, even if he caught me under the mistletoe.—Judge.

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Amongst the many old people who have been cured by Paine's Celery Compound, the case of Mrs. Henry Lewis of Montreal is deserving of special attention; her letter is an interesting and worthy of careful perusal. Mrs. Lewis writes as follows:

"I am now an old woman, being in my seventy-third year, and can most frankly confess that no action of my life has ever given me greater pleasure than the present one of testifying with my whole heart and soul in favor of your Paine's Celery Compound.

"From my experience with other advertised remedies, I may say that they are not to be compared with your grand medicine for a moment. Paine's Celery Compound to me was new health, new strength, and I have taken medicines I found worthless and my money was spent in vain.

"Two years ago I became weak, sleepless and restless, and my appetite was almost gone. Severe headaches, biliousness, kidney trouble and other bad things made life a misery to me, and I despaired of being in health again.

"These distressing troubles often confined me to bed for a week or ten days at a time; and it is almost impossible to describe the agonies and wretchedness I endured during these severe attacks. A friend advised me to give Paine's Celery Compound a trial; others insisted that I required careful nourishment and dieting. I had heard, however, of such wonderful results from the use of Paine's Celery Compound that I determined to honestly and carefully test its value in my case; and I bless God that I had sufficient courage and will-power to do so, as it has made me a new woman. I used your Compound simply as directed, and found, after commencing the second bottle that the virtues of the great medicine were instilling a new vitality and giving me a new existence.

"Up to date I have used about twelve bottles, and am now completely and permanently restored. I do all my own house work; I am cheerful and happy and do not experience any of the fatigue and weakness that troubled me some months ago.

"I live and enjoy life to-day, and thank God for the great agent of life that cured me.

"I trust that thousands of women will have a chance to read this testimony and profit by my experience. I strongly appeal to all women to give up other medicines that they are now vainly using, and commence at once with Paine's Celery Compound, which alone can bring back lost health. I wish I could personally visit every woman in Canada who is suffering as I once suffered; I am sure my words of testimony and comfort would soon convince all that there is only one honest, worthy and meritorious medicine that can meet their troubles, and that medicine is Paine's Celery Compound."



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What Ailed the Fire?

The cool weather of autumn was come. After sunset there was really a frosty feel in the air. "We had better make up a little fire in the grate to-night," said my wife; "it's chilly sitting here without." "Yes," said I, "let us make a fire now." So I went at it, putting on plenty of dry wood and coals enough to light it up nicely. But it was no use—the fire wouldn't burn. It would just spit and splutter and make a smudge fit to put your eyes out. We gave it up and went to bed early.

Next morning I investigated and found the chimney nearly closed with swallows' nests. The wood was right, the coal was right, but the draught wasn't. I evicted the swallows and cleared away their habitations. Result: Next night a good fire and pure air. Dear me! such a simple thing is hardly worth telling, is it?

Perhaps not, but here is our friend, Mr. Joseph Smith, who talks like this: "I had no relief for my meals," he says. Now, why not? The meals were good; he had time to eat; he needed the refreshment food would give him; but all the same he hesitated as though meat, potatoes, tarts, etc., were things to look out for and guard against. This was not his habit; not at all. He and his meals had always been on the best of terms until September, 1891.

Then they fell out. He speaks of it thus: "I took a chill in harvest time and seemed to lose all power and energy. I couldn't imagine what had come over me. There was a bad, coppery taste in my mouth, and what little I did eat gave me pain in the chest and side. I was constantly spitting up a sour fluid and a choking wind. After a while my breath got short, and I was so weak I could scarcely walk across the floor. In a few weeks I lost nearly two stones in weight. I consulted two doctors, but was none the better for the medicine they gave me. They didn't appear to know what ailed me. One of them said, 'The sooner you get into the infirmary the better.'"

"On the strength of this I obtained a recommendation, and in November, 1891, I went to the Lincoln Infirmary. After being there seven weeks I returned home as bad as ever. But I was glad I went to Lincoln, nevertheless, for there I met a friend who advised me to give up taking drugs and doctors' stuff and, instead, to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle from Mr. Sharp, the chemist, and in a few days I had some appetite, my food agreed with me, and my breathing was easier. After that I went straight ahead, gradually getting stronger and stronger, and all the credit of my recovery is due to Seigel's Syrup. If you think fit you are at liberty to publish the facts in my case. Yours truly (Signed), JOSEPH SMITH, Rectory street, Epworth, via Doncaster, Dec. 23, 1892."

Mr. Sharp, the chemist named by Mr. Smith, remembers the latter's illness, and can vouch for the accuracy of his statement.

After having read our friend's plain and clear-headed letter we need hardly ask again why he had no relief for his meals. The reason is the stomach, afflicted with indigestion and dyspepsia, sore, torpid and inflamed, was in no condition to handle food. The more it received the worse off it was. It was like our fire under the choked chimney—the more coals the more smoke and smudge. So the oppressed stomach sent up word to the palate, 'Don't give me any more material to work on; I can do nothing with it.' On this the palate spoiled its owner's appetite (in his own interest) and waited for help.

The help came, finally, in the form of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, which put the digestive machine in order again. Then the stomach telegraphed to the palate, 'Turn on the appetite and send down the food; am now in shape to attend to business.'

As to Mr. Smith's chill in the harvest field, that came because his blood was poisoned by the indigestion, not from cold. People often freeze to death without a sign of what we call a "chill." Fires don't go out because the weather is cold.

"What is Cholly doing for a living now?" "Writing." "I didn't know he was literary." "He isn't. He writes home for remittances."

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Music.

ONE of the most gratifying signs of the times to all lovers of music is the recognition which is now being accorded the study of music by many of our leading universities. The latest great seat of learning to fall into line is Yale, one of the most conservative, as it is also one of the most prominent and thorough, of American institutions of the kind. The aggressive manner, however, in which Yale has set about to develop its new department bids fair to exert an immense influence upon other universities, and through them all upon the musical life of this continent. An exchange, in commenting on the commendable and far-seeing action of Yale in thus properly recognizing the claims of music, says: "All honor to Yale! She has not only beaten Harvard and Princeton at football, but she has administered to them and to all other American colleges a sound lesson in modern culture. The Yale faculty announced last Wednesday evening that they had decided to give special honors in the one and two year courses in the new department of music, which is of recent origin, and which is under the able and enthusiastic direction of Horatio W. Parker, late of New York. The first honor award will be made at the next annual commencement in June, 1895. A thesis on some special theme will be required of each candidate in both the one and two year courses. It is stated by the Yale authorities that this act of the faculty practically places the department of music on an equality with the other departments of the university. . . . Yale is a conservative institution, as all observers of university affairs know right well; yet it is as far removed from lethargy as it is from precipitate haste in the matter of new departures. In all probability the decision to award honors in music is simply the natural outgrowth of a long-nurtured plan to give to music the position which it now imperatively demands in any scheme of liberal culture. . . . A college graduate is supposed to know something about poetry, architecture, the drama, painting; but henceforward, owing to the admirable action of Yale, he will not be regarded as a complete man unless he is also able to display an intelligent acquaintance with the principles of music. . . . Yale has led the way bravely in this matter. There are other colleges in which music has honorable recognition; but we do not at present recall the name of one which has put the department of music on an equality with its other departments. What college will display sufficient sympathy with the spirit of modern culture to break the shackles of scholastic conventionality and follow the lead of Yale?" Several of our Canadian universities have accorded a slight recognition to music through instituting a scheme of examinations in this branch of study for outsiders, but the noble action of Yale will serve as an object lesson to similar educational institutions the world over and will, let us hope, stir them to emulate the good example of this prominent American seat of learning.

Cowen's well known cantata, the Rose Maiden, was produced under Mr. H. W. Webster's direction in Association Hall on Thursday evening of last week by a chorus of about sixty voices, assisted by the following solo talent: Miss Marie Kimberly, soprano; Miss C. Cawsey, contralto; Mr. George S. Forsyth, tenor, and Mr. R. C. Donald, baritone. The accompaniments were played by Miss Ida Hughes and Mr. W. H. Hewlett on the piano and organ respectively. A fair-sized audience was in attendance and by frequent and hearty applause gave evidence of their satisfaction with the manner in which the chosen work was rendered. The chorus, which has organized under the name of the Ciel Choral Club, contains a number of excellent voices and should develop into an important factor in our local concert enterprises. The soloists were well received in their selections and indicated by their work careful study of the parts assigned them. A word of praise is due the accompanists, although a slight difference in pitch between the piano and organ marred the effect of their work somewhat. Instrumental solos were rendered by Mr. Hewlett on the organ and Miss Topping and Miss Hughes on the piano. Mr. Hewlett played Tombe's majestic March Nuptiale in excellent style, displaying ample technique and unusual musical intelligence. Miss Topping's interpretation of Liszt's La Campanella was a brilliant effort and well merited the applause accorded it. Miss Hughes played a Chopin Ballade very artistically and by her work generally added much to the success of the occasion. The chorus, as was announced in the programme, will re-assemble about the first week in January in order to begin work of either Maritana or Sonambula.

A promising musical society has been organized in Woodstock, under the direction of Mr. R. Thomas Steele of Hamilton. Many of the local choir leaders have joined the organization and are members of the committee. The first concert, which will be brought on early in the new year, will consist of part-songs, etc. Following is a list of the principal officers: Mr. G. R. Pattullo, president; Mr. John White and Sheriff Brady, vice-presidents, and Mr. D. Hughes Charles, secretary-treasurer.

Miss Ida MacLean, soprano, a very promising young pupil of Mr. T. C. Jeffers, sang Van de Water's Night of Nights at the special Christmas service at Jarvis street Baptist church on Sunday evening last. Miss MacLean possesses a soprano voice of singular purity and charming quality generally. The congregation was charmed by her admirable interpretation of the song mentioned. Much credit is due her painstaking instructor for the very excellent results already attained by Miss MacLean, who gives unmistakable promise of making her mark as a soloist.

The St. Catharines Musical and Dramatic Association, Mr. R. Thomas Steele conductor, gave their second annual concert in the Opera House of that city on Thursday evening of last week. The St. Catharines Star in commenting on the concert says: "It is safe to say that outside of Toronto, possibly, alone, and that only by reason of its large population, neither in quality of selections nor degree of

execution could this concert be equaled in Ontario. Certainty of attack, close attention to light and shade, thorough appreciation of the spirit of the various numbers, complete accord in tone and prompt compliance with the conductor's wishes, marked the vocal numbers. The instrumental numbers by Miss Sophie Ridley, violiniste, of Hamilton, were characterized by precision and breadth, and wonderful delicacy and sweetness of tone. The accompaniments were played by Miss Vanderburgh in a faultless manner, and were of the utmost assistance to the chorus."

At St. Basil's church Haydn's 16th Mass was sung with chorus, orchestra, and the following soloists: Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Moore, Miss T. Korman, and Messrs. Kirk, Ward, Costello, Miller, and Cosgrove. The leader of the orchestra was Mr. John Bayley; organist, Mr. Moore; and conductor, Father Murray. At the offertory Novello's arrangement of the Adeste Fideles was given, with Mrs. Ward, Miss Johnstone, and Messrs. Kirk and Forbes as principal singers. At St. Paul's church, Power street, Gounod's Messe Solennelle was sung under the direction of Mr. Patrick McEroy. The orchestra was under the direction of Signor Napolitano. At St. Helen's, Brockton, Mozart's 1st Mass was sung, the accompaniments being played by the Grand Opera House orchestra.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has gone to Berlin to supervise the production of his grand opera, Ivanhoe, which is now being prepared at the German capital for early presentation. While in Berlin it is expected that the celebrated English composer will meet Mascagni.

An unusual number of high-class concerts will likely mark the end of the present season. Manager Suckling of Massey Hall already announces the engagement of Seidl's and Thomas' orchestras, which are to appear at early dates. The engagement of Mr. Watkins Mills for a song recital next Friday evening will be welcome news to all lovers of artistic singing. Mr. Mills' remarkable triumph at the recent production of Handel's Messiah in Massey Hall will long be remembered by those who were so fortunate as to be present on that occasion.

Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, who appears at the first concert of the Mendelssohn choir on Jan. 16, is meeting with most brilliant success in different parts of the United States where she has been appearing in a number of important concerts. Twenty-four concert engagements are being filled for the month of December, among them that of soloist at the concert of the New York Philharmonic Society under Seidl, and the New York Artion under Van der Stucken, two of the foremost musical organizations in America. The Musical Courier in commenting on Mme. Blauvelt's singing at the last mentioned concert says: "Lillian Blauvelt sang the Bellaria from Lakme and the Bolero from the Sicilian Vespers deliciously. The notes fell in a silver shower, and again it must be remembered how much larger this pure, round voice is growing. She trills and carols, and runs with the same flexible ease always. She had the principal applause of the evening and the 'Schoen, Schoen!' (Beautiful, Beautiful!) which ran around the building ought to have been grateful to her." The subscribers' list for the Mendelssohn Choir concert is now open at Nordheimer's.

Christmas music at our leading city churches this season has been quite up to the mark of past years. Several churches rendered very elaborate musical services, and in nearly all there was noticeable a gradual advance in the manner of interpretation over that of previous years. The Roman Catholic churches particularly made special preparations for the festival occasion. At Our Lady of Lourdes the music at the late mass was of an unusually high order. The choir, under Miss Fannie Sullivan's able direction, rendered Silas' new mass in C, a composition of surpassing excellence, which the choir of Lourdes on this occasion earned the credit of having first produced in Canada. The soloists were Mrs. J. McGann, Mrs. C. McGann, Mr. Frank Anglin and Mr. McMullen. Specially worthy of mention in the rendering of the chosen work, the general effect of which was most creditable to Miss Sullivan, was the exquisite setting of the Benedictus, which was sung as a quartette by the soloists named. A small orchestra assisted in the production of the work and materially added to the effect of the accompaniments. The good work being done by Miss Sullivan at this beautiful little place of worship should be encouraged through the purchase of a pipe organ as an adequate support to the excellent choir built up there under her direction.

Two successful entertainments were given on Christmas day and evening at Massey Hall, under the joint auspices of the Queen's Own Rifles and the East Toronto Cricket Club. The musical artists participating were: Mrs. Isidor Klein, soprano; Master Percy Hamby, boy soprano; Mr. J. Lewis Browne, solo organist, and Mr. Frank Wright, concert vocalist. Nellie Ganthony, society entertainer, (a la Grossmith) and Miss Jessie Alexander, the popular Toronto elocutionist, also contributed materially to the success of an attractive programme. Much interest was felt in the appearance of the soprano, Mrs. Isidor Klein, who had just returned to the city after an extended course of vocal study abroad. Mrs. Klein possesses a voice of rare quality and large compass and sings with a degree of musical feeling which lends a charm to all her work. Her vocalization indicates careful and thorough study and her style generally is artistic in a high degree. In Meyerbeer's well known aria, Robert le diable, Mrs. Klein sang with a freedom and ease which could only have resulted from systematic culture combined with much natural talent. In response to an encore she sang with equal effect the ballad On the Banks of Avon Water, Master Percy Hamby, a gifted young pupil of Mrs. Bradley's, was most enthusiastically received by the audience in his several selections, encores being demanded on each appearance. His singing is at once a tribute to his talent and the care exercised over his studies by his instructors. The organ solos rendered by Mr. Browne were among the most artistic treats of the concert. His impromptu fantasies revealed the splendid natural gifts of this talented organist and his

excellent tact in riveting the attention of an average audience, while at the same time ever remembering the true function of the organ as a concert instrument. The hearty encore accorded him and the spontaneous applause which followed his subsequent improvisation on a familiar Scotch air demonstrated his deserved popularity with the audience.

M. Ysaye, the eminent Belgian violinist, who appeared at the Pavilion on Tuesday evening of last week, was, with a number of our leading musicians, entertained at the residence of Herr Heinrich Klingensfeld after the concert. The admirable social qualities of the great virtuoso proved to be no less charming than his wonderful performances upon his favorite Guarnerius.

Miss Minnie E. Gaylord the popular young soprano, is being favored with a large number of engagements, both in Canada and in the United States. She will spend a week in Iowa and Nebraska early in January, after which she has numerous concert engagements in Eastern Ontario. She sang the solo numbers in the Messiah at the Christmas service at St. James's cathedral, when the richness and purity of her sweet soprano voice were highly appreciated by the vast congregation present.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Blight, who have had charge of the choir of Elm street Methodist church for many years past, will close their engagement with the last Sunday of the year. Their work has always been most satisfactory in every respect, and they leave behind them very many warm friends. Arrangements are being made for a farewell gathering to be held in the school-room of the church on next Thursday evening. A cordial invitation is extended all friends to be present on this interesting occasion.

Mr. H. M. Hirschberg announces three subscription *soirees musicales* by the Beethoven Trio, assisted by vocalists. This is a move in the right direction and our musical people should show their appreciation of the high standard of this organization by giving these entertainments their hearty support. The dates will be in January, February and March, either in St. George's Hall or the Normal School theater. No tickets will be sold and the subscription list will be limited to five hundred seats.

Mr. H. M. Hirschberg, director of the Ysaye concert, writes: "I desire, in justice to Signor Dinelli, whose ability as an accompanist is so much prized by Torontonians, to state that M. Ysaye's determination to accept only his own accompanist at the late concert arose from the fact that this was one of the conditions of his contract with the party who controls his concert tour, and therefore for prudential reasons and to avoid possible contingencies hereafter he was unwilling to agree to any breach of that contract, much as he appreciated Mr. Dinelli's ability."

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Mr. Frank
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of January
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4.30 to 5.30 at
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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Pearson of 95 Isabella street gave a tea on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Lillie of Sherbourne street gives a tea this afternoon.

Colonel James A. Skinner, who has been for a long time in a precarious state of health, died on Monday last, full of years and honor.

Mr. Percy Robertson is, I am glad to hear, finding the greatest benefit from his removal to Mexico. I believe there is an idea of his mother and sisters going south to spend some time with him.

Mr. Frank Deane has arranged an attractive programme for a piano recital on the afternoon of January 12. He will be assisted by Miss Bridgeland and Messrs. P. R. Wallace and Charles Bagusley. The recital will be from 4.30 to 5.30 at the rooms of R. S. Williams, 143 Yonge street.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place on Saturday afternoon last at the Bloor street Presbyterian church, when Mr. G. W. V. Might, son of Mr. John M. Might, president of the Might Directory Co., was married to Miss F. Rutter, sister of Mr. Arthur F. Rutter of Warwick Bros. & Rutter. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. G. Wallace. The bride, who looked charming, was very prettily attired in a stylish traveling dress of dark brown cloth with velvet and fur trimmings, with hat to match. The bridesmaids were Misses Louie and Maud Might, sisters of the bridegroom, the former being dressed in green cloth with blue satin and black lace trimmings, and the latter in fawn cloth with cream lace and brown satin trimmings, both looking extremely pretty. The presents were numerous and handsome, the staff of the Directory Company giving a handsome dinner set. The best man was Mr. Jas. Crane, Jr. Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple left for Detroit, and before taking up their residence at 283 Major street will visit Chicago and New York and take a short tour through the Eastern States.

Miss King has been for a fortnight the guest of Miss Tilden of Franklin street, Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Moore of 627 Jarvis street intend remaining in the South for the holidays.

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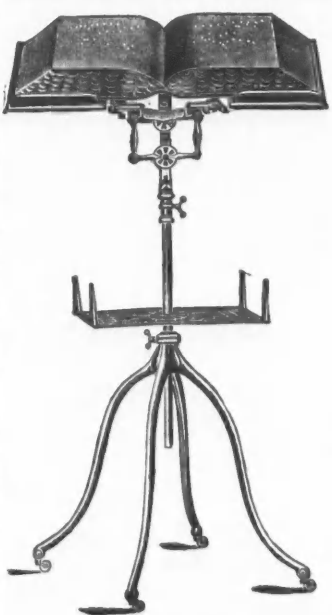
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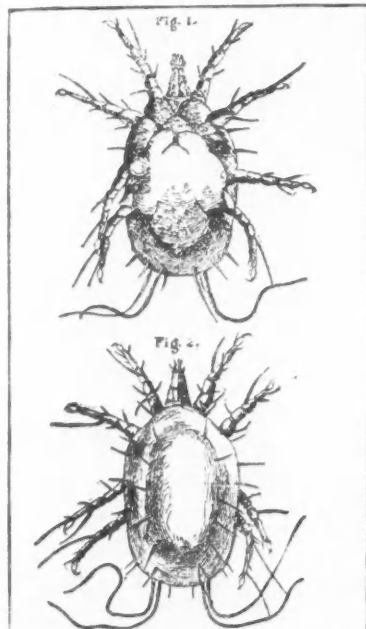
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"The *Acarus sacchari* is a formidably organized, exceedingly lively, and decidedly ugly little animal. From its oval-shaped body stretches forth a proboscis terminating in a kind of scissors, with which it seizes upon its food. Its organs of locomotion consist of eight legs, each jointed and furnished at its extremity with a hook. In the sugar, its movements from one place to another are necessarily very slow, but when placed on a perfectly clean and dry surface, it moves along with great rapidity."

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Academy of Music.

The New Year's week attraction at the Academy of Music is one that is sure to furnish delight to theater-goers during the holidays, viz., Rice & Barton's Comedians in *McDoodle and Poodle*, an up-to-date edition of *Razzle Dazzle*, the exceedingly funny and clever extravaganza which was so well received in this city last season. The principal stars are Rice & Barton and Miss Frankie Haines. There is not a dull moment in the piece from the time the curtain rises until it falls, and the audience is kept in a constant state of merriment. There



Miss Frankie Haines.

are a lot of good people in the company beside the stars. Frankie Haines is a very great success in the part of the dramatic star, whose charming traits, personal and otherwise, play havoc with the too susceptible hearts of the men of the piece, *McDoodle and Poodle*. In the masculine character she wins all sorts of applause. The two leading characters are too well known to need any introduction to Toronto people, and when it is said that they are fully up to their reputation, all is said that is needful.

Social and Personal.

Miss Janie Wallbridge gave a large progressive euchre on Saturday evening. Twelve tables were arranged for the peripatetic game. The prizes, which were exquisite specimens of the fair hostess's dainty skill in china painting, were won by Miss McArthur and Mr. T. Butler.

Mr. "Jinks" Farrar left yesterday for a New Year's holiday in Chicago.

The dance given by the Violet Club at the residence of Mrs. Davis on Friday evening, December 14, was a very bright and pleasant affair. The orchestra played excellently and it was past two o'clock when the merry company dispersed and a most enjoyable evening was brought to a close.

Miss Edith Jarvis has returned from a lengthy visit in the North-West, looking charmingly well and happy.

The Messrs. Osborne and Mr. Macpherson are of Mrs. Osborne's house-party for the holidays.

The marriage of Miss Alice Maud, third daughter of Mrs. J. McKechnie, to Frederick W. McCrimmon, M.D., was celebrated at the residence of the bride's mother, College street, on Wednesday morning, December 26. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. A. Hunter, only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom being present. Miss McLeod was bridesmaid and Mr. J. McCrimmon, brother of the groom, was best man. The bride was becomingly attired in her traveling suit. After receiving the congratulations and best wishes of all present, the happy young couple left for their future home, Butte City, Montana, on the 2:50 train.

The Holly Club held a most successful party at the residence of Mrs. E. Bourn, Jarvis street. A most enjoyable even-



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MANUFACTURING FURRIERS
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ing was spent in dancing, etc., by over a hundred of the members, among those present being: Messrs. S. McVicar, A. McVicar, J. Thompson, S. Thompson, W. Stevens, C. James, E. Bee, H. Kinneer, A. Cutler, M. Singer, W. Toyer, O. Rowan, E. Braund, E. Shaver, S. Hazlewood, B. McCleary, W. Shone, W. Turbayne, J. Callahan, G. Evans, B. Pack, H. Patriarche, A. Milburn, C. Patterson (president), E. West, C. Horwell, W. Morrison (committee), J. May (secretary-treasurer); Misses G. Black, N. McKenzie, S. Malcolm, E. Turpayne, M. Horwell, M. McLellan, M. Bee, M. Baird, J. Singer, Kapelle, L. Hobbs, M. Simmons, E. Simmons, M. Goodman, A. McLellan, A. Patterson, M. Patterson, G. Young, T. Davidson, K. Davidson, L. Young, L. Breton, Walker, Scudds, Weavers, Angus, Walkham, Spence, F. Westcott, M. Cruttenden, N. Cruttenden, H. Morrison, L. Gorrie, and Lucas.

HUMPHREY-PEARSON-At Queen street Methodist church, on Dec. 10, by Rev. George Bishop, B. D. Humphrey to Josephine, daughter of Robert Pearson of Toronto.
HARVEY-MCKAY-Dec. 25, Dr. E. E. Harvey to Isabel McKay.
RICHARDSON-COOPER-Dec. 26, Wm. L. Richardson to Agnes Hand Cooper.
WATSON-MCMILLAN-Dec. 27, Thos. Watson to Mary McMillan.
HOLMES-MITCHELL-Dec. 28, C. W. Holmes to Estelle Mitchell.
WAINWRIGHT-MCLEOD-Dec. 22, John E. Wainwright to Carrie McLeod.
HARVEY-MILLOY-Dec. 20, Arthur Harvey to Euphemia Milloy.

Deaths.

RAIKES-Dec. 26, Amy Francis Rakes, aged 38.
ROONEY-Dec. 27, Monsignor F. P. Rooney, aged 71.
ROBERTSON-Dec. 28, Isabella M. Robertson, aged 84.
ELLIOTT-Dec. 19, Isabella Elliott, aged 90.
FREEMAN-Dec. 19, Rev. G. E. Freeman, B.A.
MAULE-Dec. 20, Captain Robert Maule, aged 65.
LAUDER-Dec. 21, John Lauder, aged 38.
FERGUSON-Dec. 21, Jeremiah Ferguson, aged 74.
SKINNER-Dec. 24, Lieut.-Col. James Skinner, aged 68.

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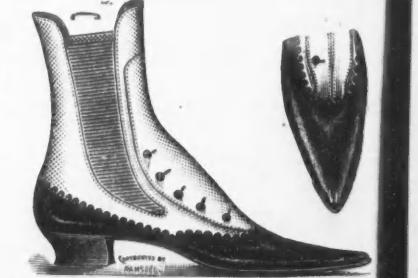
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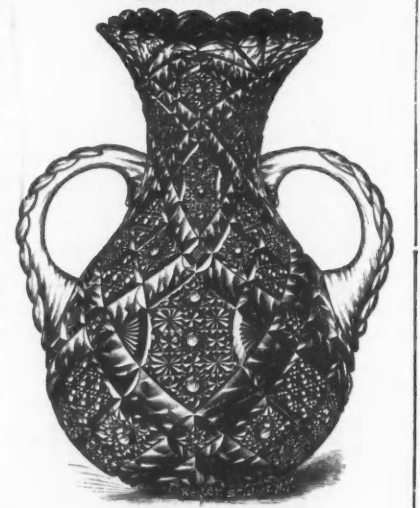
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Births.
BROWNING-Dec. 23, Mrs. H. Browning-a daughter.
McTAGGART-Dec. 14, Mrs. W. O. McTaggart-a daughter.
FRENCH-Dec. 12, Mrs. John McLean-a son.
WILSON-Dec. 20, Mrs. Alfred S. Wilson-a daughter.
PRICE-Dec. 21, Mrs. A. J. Price-a daughter.
REID-Dec. 24, Mrs. A. J. Reid-a son.
CARLISLE-Dec. 21, Mrs. George Carlisle-a son.
COATE-Dec. 15, Mrs. C. B. Coate-a daughter.
MANNING-Dec. 25, Mrs. E. A. Manning-a daughter.

Marriages.
WENETT-BEZZO-At 282 Bathurst street, on Dec. 20, by Rev. J. P. Lewis, rector of Grace Church, William A. Wenett of Toronto, to Eva S. Bezzo, youngest daughter of Mrs. A. S. Bezzo of Waterloo, Ont.